JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 3, 1931
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

Vol. L.
No. 1320.

OVER A MILLION SALE

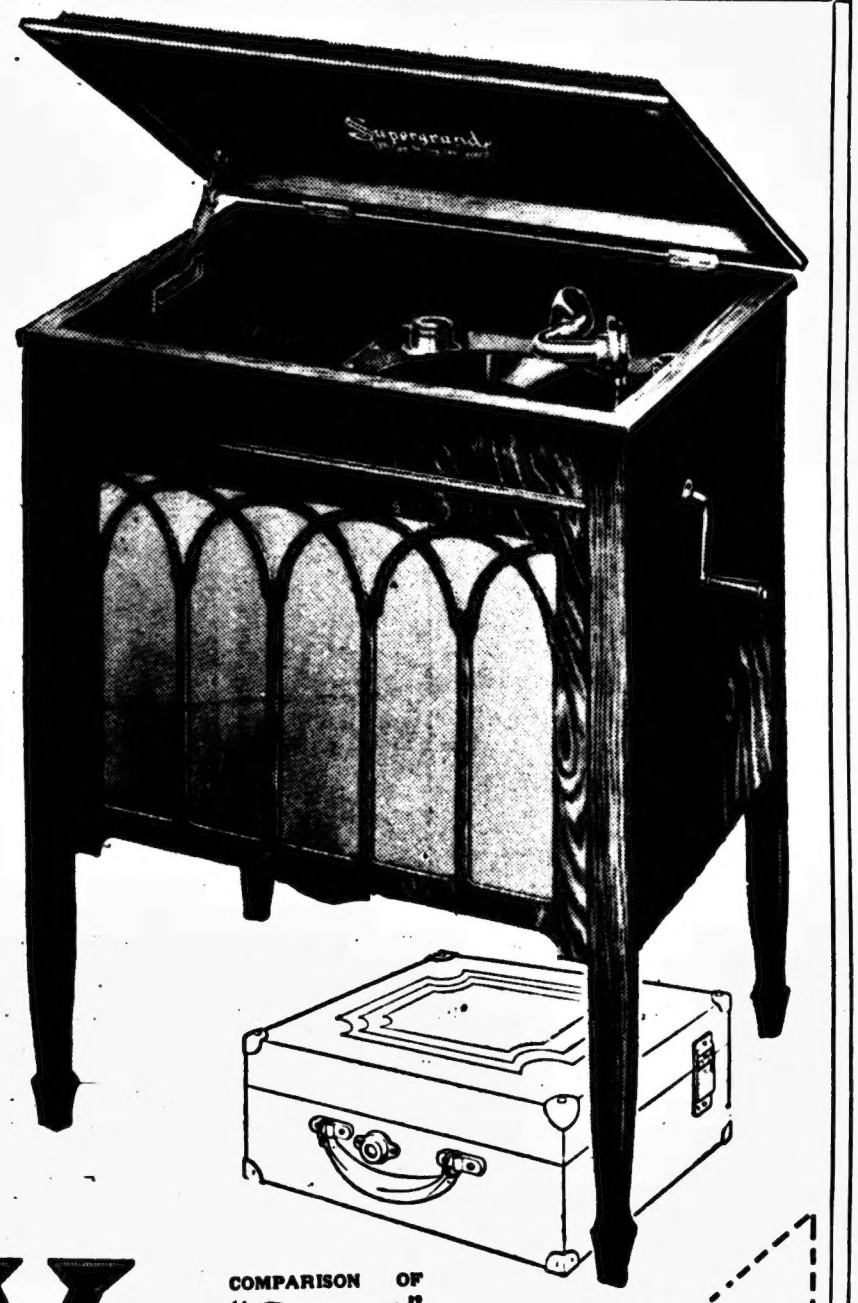
Supergrand

BRITISH TO THE LAST SCREW

WITH THE FAMOUS 5 YEAR GUARANTEE "COLLARO" MOTOR

Staggering value! All other coupon standards *swamped* by this astounding gift. A "Supergrand" 7 gn. Gramophone. The largest, greatest and most handsome gift ever offered. Change to-day to B.D.V. and it will be in your home in a few weeks.

The "Supergrand." A magnificent cabinet gramophone! 33⅓% larger than other Gift Gramophones advertised in the Press! A most handsome piece of furniture. Worth £7 : 7 : 0. In beautiful oak or mahogany finish. FIVE space fret front. Woven gold-gauze panels. Automatic lid stay. All-British, including "Collaro" motor, guaranteed for 5 years. See it against a standard portable! Its superiority of tone and volume is as great as the difference in dimensions! Swan-neck tone arm, highly polished, nickel-plated on brass. Metal diaphragm soundbox. Compartment to take 36 of your own records. Raised needle bowls, heavily plated-gilt and polished inside. The finest value ever offered by a Gift Cigarette.
Unless otherwise specified, oak finish will be delivered.



500 COUPONS

CARRIAGE FORWARD.

SIZE OF Supergrand
24 inches WIDE
32 inches HIGH
18 inches DEEP
33⅓% larger than other Gift Gramophones advertised in the Press.

B.D.V

CIGARETTES

10 FOR 6D

20 FOR 1/2

each Coupon worth 3 TIMES other coupon values

KOLSTER-BRANDES WIRELESS "MASTERPIECE"
The wonder 2 valve Set that set the New Standard.
Thousands available.
500 COUPONS

COMPARISON OF "Supergrand" WITH A PORTABLE
In size, in volume, in purity, in beauty, in value—*many times* greater than a standard portable.

GET THE GOLDEN GIFT BOOK.

To Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., 39F, Commercial Street, London, E.1.

Please send me a copy of the amazing B.D.V. Golden Gift Book with 5 Free Coupons, showing in colour 275 treble-value gifts.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Even less coupons required from B.D.V. Tobacco—each Tobacco coupon being worth 1½ cigarette coupons

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Men's Shirts, 18/- per doz. Ladies' Art Silk Hose, 7/11 per doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Boys' Ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us, or write for Catalogue. Post Free.—Cochrane & Sons, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

START a Drapery Business and make money. Get our 60-page Catalogue and ABC Guide free. See page 56, telling you of 7 ways how to make money. Example of our value: Men's Socks, 3/6 doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Knickers, 9/11 doz. Men's Shirts, with two collars, 30/- doz. Ladies' Print Overalls, 5/6 doz. Children's Print Frocks, 9/-. Men's large size Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, 1/3 doz. Art. Silk Stockinette Pants, 9d. lb. Ladies' Fleecy Lined Mackintoshes, 4/11 each. Our free Catalogue is a treasure full of bargains. Sample Bales, 21/-. Satisfaction or money returned under *John Bull* guarantee.—Wolfson, 48 Desk, Thomas Street, Manchester.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time, every kind, good profits. 200-page Catalogue free.—May (173), George St., Birmingham.

BEST and Cheapest Wholesale House for Shopkeepers, Credit Traders and Beginners for General Drapery, Hosiery, etc. Write for free Cat. B. Raperport, 147-151, Minories, London, E.C.3.

68-PAGE NEW Autumn and Winter Wholesale Drapery Catlgs. Post Free. Unequalled selection of the finest goods at keenest prices. Perfect, reliable and repeatable. All depts. Ladies', Men's, children's, Household. Best Discount Terms. Satisfaction gntd. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for Dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (Wholesale only).—Levy Bros., Dept. A, 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

SHOPKEEPERS.—Send for Bargain List of Xmas Club Toys, Games, etc., Stationery, Postcards. W. H. Jackson & Co. (Dept. J.B.), Grimsby.

MAKE MONEY! SELL COTTON BLANKETS, Remnants, Overalls, Sheets, Towels, etc. Free Catalogue.—R. LONSDALE & SON, Dept. J.B., ACCRINGTON. WHOLESALE ONLY.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Drapery Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Bristall, Leeds.

AGENTS WANTED (either sex) to sell Private Xmas Cards. Sample Book Free. A WONDERFUL VARIETY TO SUIT ALL TASTES. Photographic Calendars, Novelty Calendars, High-class Notepapers and many other specialities. TINTED ENVELOPES SUPPLIED WITH EVERY CARD. Highest Com. Valuable Prizes.—Denton & Co., Ltd., Dept. D.15, Accrington.

JOHN NOBLE'S NEW MONSTER IDEAL CLUB CATALOGUE, JUST PUBLISHED. One of the most wonderful books ever issued. JOHN NOBLE'S WANT ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. The Ideal Club leads for value! Big commission, little trouble, no expense. The largest collection of bargains in Fashions, Furniture, Footwear, Bedding, Outfitting, etc. Over 60 years' reputation for value and service! Every member delighted with our value! Send P.C. NOW for particulars and 232-page Bargain Guide.—JOHN NOBLE, Ltd. (Dept. A.7), MANCHESTER.

10/- in £ comm. Either sex; no experience. Novelty Parrot in Gold Cage and many other Beautiful Notepapers, Cards and Calendars. Many make £4 wkly., why not you?—London Card Co., Dept. G., 5-7, Little Sutton St., E.C.1.

AGENTS, YOU WILL MAKE MORE MONEY by selling the CASTLE SERIES Christmas Cards and Calendars than any other. Astounding profits are being made by our Agents. SAMPLE BOOK FREE, containing the latest Copyright designs, including ALL BRITISH-MADE Silk Handkerchief Novelty.—Apply, Castle Publishing Co., 20, Anchor Court, Preston.

A BETTER BOOK.—I had your samples 7 days and made £5. Your commission is the best of all. 10/- in every £ and a £5 bonus. Filled with NOVELTIES. Great Variety cannot be had elsewhere. It costs nothing to try. You can make £20 without experience. Dept. 7, The Circle and Press, 6, Sycamore St., London, E.C.1.

AGENTS Wanted for the CARLTON SERIES Private Christmas Cards and Calendars. The Book which makes the BIG PROFITS. Astounding commissions and prizes. SAMPLE BOOK FREE.—Apply, TREBLE, 50, CHEAPSIDE, PRESTON.

WANTED, Responsible Householders who are desirous of adding considerably to their income; as much as £10 per week is being earned by others in a spare-time agency for the supply and demonstration of high-class wireless sets. Territories now being allotted.—Write for details to Box A.29, Press & General Publicity Service, Ltd., 29, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

500 AMBITIOUS PERSONS WANTED as Agents for the "Imperial Art" Series Private Christmas Cards. Finest Sample Book ever published; certain Order-getter. FREE AND POST PAID. HIGHEST COMMISSION AND PRIZES given.—Lancaster Publishing Co., Dept. Z., Lancaster.

DON'T accept presents as part commission. We pay in cash. Send for Catalogue. Chocolates, Fancy Goods and Cigarettes.—Walker's Reliance Club, Bowland Street, Bradford.

AGENTS. Xmas Cards. Join the Gold Diggers and get the world-famous SNOWBALL series. The book with "Get Rich Quick" ideas, Novelties and Musical Greetings. Over 50 exquisite calendars and cards free. 3,000,000 bargain wallets. Huge profits.—Minster Press, Preston.

A BALMORAL SAMPLE BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS COMPILED BY EXPERTS, CONTAINS LATEST 1931 NOVELTIES IN CALENDARS, LETTER RACK, BLOTTER, CUT-OUT VELOUR, ANIMAL STUDIES, NOTEPAPERS & CARDS FOR EVERY TASTE. 26TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION AND ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE UNBEATABLE IN DELIVERY AND SERVICE. HIGHEST COMMISSION AND PRIZES. — WRITE TO ACTUAL MANUFACTURERS, STEWARTS, DEPT. A., COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN.

AGENTS, LOOK HERE! 5/- in £ Cash Com. Run Household, Drapery, Clothing, Boot Clubs. Huge Variety, Cat. and partics. free. No outlay.—Eaton & Co., Dept. A., Lower Wortley, Leeds.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. — Britain's Largest Manufacturers Require AGENTS, either sex. SAMPLE BOOK FREE, containing Exquisite CALENDARS, BLOTTER, BOOKMARK, FLOWER SPRAYS, POCKET CELLULOID CALENDAR, BLACK CATS, DOGS and HORSES, making great appeal to animal lovers. Also many NOVELTIES and our usual artistic Greeting Cards with hand-made Notepapers and Cards. Before fixing up see this book. It costs nothing. Highest comm. Prizes for all.—Dept. 473, ALL-BRITISH CARD CO., BLACKBURN.

FREE Sample Book supplied to Agents who want to make good money. The New-Art Series of Private Christmas Cards puts Agents first. Wonderful collection of dainty and attractive Cards and Calendars. Splendid commission.—Write to Dept. 2, The Astoria Publishing Co., Astoria Works, Booth Street, Salford, Lancs.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

5/- in £ Commission and Free Gifts.—Agents wanted to form 20/- clubs; all goods guaranteed; everything to commence with Free.—Bradford Mills Co., 1, Brearton Street, Bradford.

FREE GIFTS OF XMAS FARE.

To Agents forming 1/- Weekly Clubs this month. This offer is made to celebrate the proprietors' 10 years' Trading. £2 comm. on 20 weeks club. Write for partics.—British Benefit Stores, Ltd., 76/80, City Road, Manchester.

AGENTS wanted, spare time, sell cut lengths, dress materials, remnants, shoes. Sale or return. Good comm.—Edmondron, 10, Hope St., Bradford.

EMPLOYMENT.

ARE YOU TIRED OF ROUTINE WORK AT A SMALL WAGE? Then why not be a Salesman? Suitable men can be trained under Wallace Attwood, by post, in their spare time. Attwood-trained men, without previous experience "on the road," now earning their £400, £500, and even up to four figures p.a. Write for 24-page booklet, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 28T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7536.)

PRINTING.—Billheads, Handbills, Cards, from 2/6 1,000. All printing. Samples free.—Stanley Osborne, Gladstone Road, Gloucester.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 82, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1¼ lb. 4/6, for Socks, etc. Heather, 3/3. White, Grey, Navy, 3/6 lb., post free. Patts., Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B.W'house, Wellington, Som.

AI NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Mickey Mouse Novs., Mus. Inst., etc.—List J.B. 1235 free.—Dudleys, 451, Holloway Rd., N.7.

WOOLS.—Best Value.—Sports, 1d. oz.; sports, vest, 1½d.; silky, 2½d.; crochet, 3½d. Rug, 1/-, 1/3, 1/6½, 1/11 lb. Samples free.—Newcastle Wool Co. (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CARNIVAL Goods, Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Dance organisers, send for free bargain list. —"Unedus," 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

BUY Hosiery (wholesale) to sell again. 60% to 100% profit, any quantity. Catalogue free.—Empire Hosiery Co., Empire House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.1.

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening. FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House.)

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaign experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 123, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Phone: Chancery 8113

PRINTING for all business es. 10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 2/9 per 1,000. Samples sent for 3d. postage.—Mead, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

CHEAP Printing.—Billheads, Handbills, Cards, 2/6 1,000. Posters and other cheap printing. Samps. free. Pearson's, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

FREE PATTERNS OF OUR 30/- SUITS FOR 25/-. Sent on receipt of Post Card. — H. DENNIS & CO., 5, Park Place, Leeds.

GOOD Italian Hemp Rope, for wireless aerials, clothes lines, sash cords; 60 yards 2/6; 120 yards 5/-. Carriage paid. Cash with order. Special price large quantities; money returned if not satisfied.—Houlton, 16, Lambert St., Hull.

SHOCKPROOF WATCHES, 5/6 (post free) secures one of these indestructible pocket timekeepers. Unbreakable glass, unbreakable balance, neatly designed, clear enamelled face, Proof against falls and knocks.—Moorhouse & Co., 47, Wordsworth St., Toxteth, Liverpool.

CHINA Bargains! Big profits for Shops, Dealers, Auctioneers. Cheap Sets, Assorted Crates. Lowest prices. Wholesale Lists free. Century Pottery (530), Burslem, Staffs. Est. 1903.

LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS, fine cambric, hemstitched, 11 in. square, only 1/6 doz. (postage 2d. extra). British Manufacture. Satisfaction or money back. Send NOW.—W. Sharples, 64, Parkdale Road, Bolton.

SOMETHING LIKE A FREE GIFT! If you use a Gillette Pattern Razor you can obtain 6 Blades free by accepting the simple offer of J. Brown & Sons (see advt. page opposite).

FREEMANS CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogue.*

NOW TO PAY. ALL PROFIT.

Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

LIGHTNING Leather Stitcher for Home-workers. Only 2/-. Quickly sews a perfect lockstitch in boots, bags, harness, etc., etc. This complete handy tool is fully described and illustrated in the advt. of J. Penn & Co. in "JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW" (page facing).

WRITE to the MENTMORE MFG CO., LTD., Dept. B.J.1, Platinum House, Tudor Grove, Hackney, E.9, for lavishly illustrated list of FOUNTAIN PENS, PENCILS, etc., advertised on page 14. A FOUNTAIN PEN GUARANTEED FOR 25 YEARS.—this is the wonderful value offered in the advt. Turn to it now.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the HACKNEY FURNISHING CO.'S advt. on page 24 for illustrated Catalogue and full information about the Free Insurance Plan and deferred terms. Remember—the Hackney Furnishing Co.'s Free Insurance Plan pays the bill when you are ill.

FREE.—A wonderful booklet describing the "NEW AMATEUR MECHANIC" will be sent to readers filling in the coupon in the WAVERLEY BOOK CO.'S advt. on page 23.

FREE.—A beautiful 20-page brochure describing the G.T.L. TOOL CHEST (obtainable on easy payments) as advertised on page 29, will be sent free if you post the coupon.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct from Wholesale Dealers specially blended Indian & Ceylon Teas. Highly recommended. 10 lb. 10/-, 4 lb. 4/6, 4 lb. 5/-, 4 lb. 6/-, 6 lb. 7/-, carr. pd. Special prices large quantities. PORTWAY TEA CO., 72, Portway, E.15

TEA DUST.—Wholesale price, 8 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 6/-. Wonderful value. Carriage Paid. Sample Free.—SIZER, 183-4, Roman Road, Bow, E.3.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 20/-, 25 Home-made garments. Worth 40/-. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nightie, Wool Coats, etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That material alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers send 2/- for parcel on approval (bal. cash or terms). Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

BABY'S Long Clothes, set 30/-. Postage 1/3. Complete parcel of home-made garments and silk-and-wool shawl sent on deposit. Send 1/3 for parcel on approval, & judge for yourself.—Mrs. Sturgess, 183, Wellingboro' Rd., Northampton.

REAL HARRIS and Shetland Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

MUSICAL.

BUILD Own Gramos. Save pounds. Instructions 2d. Motors, Fittings, Records. Lists free. Cash or terms.—J. B. Burt, 175, High St., S.E.8.

20/- Deposit receives your new Saxophone, Piano-Accordeon, Clarinet, Bass Drum, Banjo, or State instrument. Henry's, 18-20, Manchester St., Liverpool.

CONCERTINAS, Guitars, Piano-Accordians, Jazz, Ukes, Gramos, Saxophones, Violins, Mandolins.—Terms, Victors, Royal Hill, Greenwich.

WIRELESS.

ALL makes of Wireless Sets and Parts supplied to the Trade. Write us about your requirements to-day.—RADIO WHOLESALERS, LTD., 36, Stockwell Street, Glasgow.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply of 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery; Wonderful for lumpy pads, no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd., 653a, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy. 1/3, 3/-. Books, etc., of Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool, sp. 3d.

BALD? Why? "NUNBALD" DOES POSITIVELY GROW HAIR. Results guaranteed. Guarantee with each bottle. P.O. 2/9 to Nunbald, 6, Grand Parade, Wembley Park.

BRONCHITIS, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds. HERBAL BEANS give instant relief. Large Box (over 100 Beans) 1/3, post free. Samp. 3d. Health Stores, Euston Rd., Morecambe.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on quack remedies, but cure yourself as I did. Interesting book on cure of Self-consciousness sent free to sufferers.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.84), 68, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash by return. Bentley & Co., 10, Woodstock St., London, W.1.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Row, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NAIL-BITING. A REAL CURE AT LAST! Send for the free explanatory booklet mentioned in the advertisement on page facing.

THE BLACKPOOL CORPORATION advt. on page 31 will appeal to you. This enterprising resort offers all the Summer Attractions during October. Write for Autumn Season Programme to W. Foster, Dept. 73, Town Hall, Blackpool.

FREE.—A beautiful coloured booklet, "Sun on the Hearth," will be sent to all readers of *John Bull* on request. Simply send a p.c. to the British Commercial Gas Association, 28, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1. Mention *John Bull* when writing. The advt. appears on page 20.

A FREE DAINTY COT FOR BABY is offered to readers by NURSE BERTHA, 57, John Bright Street, Birmingham. Send for full particulars.

A WASH-DAY HINT. The large bars of "VOLVOLUTUM" SOAP cost only 6d., and the wrappers carry coupons which can be collected for free gifts. A p.c. mentioning *John Bull*, to SMITHS (HAMPTON), LTD., Hampton, Middlesex, will bring the complete Gift List. See advt. on page 32.

WHO ARE THE MOST POPULAR FILM STARS? Turn to WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP advt. on page 27 and decide for yourself by entering this easy Competition. £500 cash prizes now offered.

IMPERIAL BABY CARS

ONLY 1/6 A WEEK

This FREE TOURS for 1st payment of 5/9 and then only eleven monthly payments of 5/9 each. Complete with storm apron, storm flap, washable leather cloth hood, celluloid covered hood joints, 4 mudguards, cycle spoke wheels, cushion tyres, safety brake. SENT ON APPROVAL Carriage Paid. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. See what you save. Other models with SORBO EVERLASTING TYRES and BALL BEARING WHEELS.

DIRECT FROM FACTORY SAVE MONEY

WRITE NOW! Dept. K. 212-216, Pentonville Road, King's Cross, London, N.1.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly. Send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

You can send your money to these advertisers as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under JOHN BULL'S famous guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 12

YOU SAVE COST ON FIRST JOB

PENN'S FAMOUS LIGHTNING LEATHER STITCHER.

Sews a perfect lock-stitch as sewing machine, but stronger. No handy-man should be without one.

THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.

Indispensable for Thrifty Homeworkers.

SIMPLE TO USE.

Quickly Sews Boots, Belts, Bags, Harness, Suit Cases, Hoods, Screens, &c. Complete with 3 different needles, thread and illus. directions, 2/-, post 4d. Extra waxed thread 9d. skein, 3 for 2/-. Extra needles 3d. each, 2 9 doz.

PRICE ONLY 2/-

WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION. (Actual Inventors).

J. PENN & CO., 142, COTTENHAM RD., LONDON, N.19

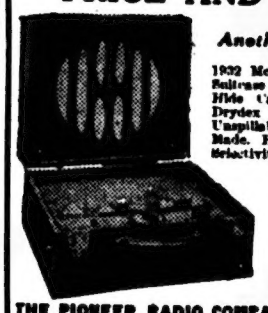
18ct GOLD FILLED Handsome WRIST WATCH

Wear this attractive 18ct. Gold (Filled) Wrist Watch and make a serviceable investment. Highly pol. finish, jewelled movement. GENT'S SIZE on leather strap 35/-. LADY'S MODEL, mirage shape on moire band, 22 6, or 18ct. Gold filled Expanding Bracelet, superb design, 37/6. 10-year written guarantee. Either model only 1 6 deposit (returnable if not satisfied), balance 1 6 weekly. Write to the Bargain House,

SENT ON 7 DAYS APPROVAL DEPOSIT ONLY 1/6

J. W. Allen & Co. (Dept. S) 570, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1

WE STILL LEAD IN PRICE AND QUALITY



Another Amazing Offer.

1932 Models Five Valve Portable Suitcase Wireless Receivers in Real Hide Case with Cossor Valves, Drydex H.T. Battery and Exide Unspillable Accumulator. British Made. Beautiful Tone. Wonderful Selectivity. Slow Motion dials for keen tuning. English and Continental Stations.

Usual selling price £18 18s. Now being offered at £5 10s. Carr. paid Great Britain. Guaranteed for twelve months. Write, 'phone or call.

THE PIONEER RADIO COMPANY, 106, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. 'Phone: Temple Bar 3176.

CORNS & BUNIONS

2/- Post 4d.

THE FEZIT
Shoe Stretcher raises leather away from tender spot, ensuring comfort to sufferers with corns, bunions, etc. For any size lady's or gent's boot or shoe.
Price 2/- (Post 4d.)
STRETCHER

Wm. PENN (Dept. B), 682, Holloway Road, London, N.19

Trade Enquiries Invited

FREE 6 BLADES GIVEN AWAY EASIWAY

Don't throw your old blades away. A few rubs on our Easiway stropper will revive and always keep them in perfect condition. For a limited period only. 6 Blades and Strop, 1/8 *Post Free.*

FREE

J. BROWN & SONS, 4, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. *(Trade Enquiries invited.)*

EASIWAY

MARVELLOUS BARGAIN OFFER Genuine South African Field Boots

Exactly as illustrated, with fine pliable full chrome calf uppers in Black. Double Tongues, Double Soles. Built for long service and hard wear 8/11, postage 9d. Extra stout, in Black dull chrome grain leather, with or without toecap 9/11, post 9d. Sizes 6's to 11's.

Price 8/11 Post 9d.

W. E. MILLER & CO., LTD., 567-9G, Fulham Rd., London, S.W.6 *Over Midland Bank*

WANTED

One hundred persons (either sex) who have the ambition to earn a nice sum from now until Christmas in their spare time.

Would you like some crisp £1 notes to spend just as you please? Then, if you are enterprising, you can have the thing you so much want this very Christmas by selling Private Christmas Cards to your friends and acquaintances. This is the way. Address a postcard to us asking for one of the beautiful Sample Books. This book and full particulars will be sent you by return of post, quite free of charge. Perhaps you have had experience as an agent in previous years. If so, you will realise that a back number in Sample Books is useless to an enterprising agent. Our productions are miles ahead of all competitors. Get a real, live, money-making book, filled from cover to cover with irresistible designs—hand-painted, celluloid, jewelled, calendars, and novelties in unsurpassed variety. This beautiful new edition-de-luxe is acknowledged by experts to be far ahead of anything previously issued. No risk. No outlay. Remuneration most generous, and many valuable prizes in addition.

Apply JOHN RENSHAW & SONS, LTD., Dept. R. 153, Climax Works, Accrington.

NAIL BITING

Stop it!

Your Nails Index Your Character.

Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, quickly and permanently cure yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A farmer addict writes: *'Your treatment is miraculous.'* Scores of similar genuine testimonials from all over the world. Write for the free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

THE FILTEX TREATMENT (Dept. J.B.) 205, Park Road, London, N.8.

THORNS' GARDEN SHEDS

FROM 5/9 DOWN

ARMY HUTS PAVILIONS BUNGALOWS GARAGES to., etc.

Span Roof type Sheds as above. A novice can erect. Complete, ready for use. 6 sections to bolt together. ½ in. weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt despatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	6 payments	Or 12
6 ft.	4 ft.	6½ ft.	£2.2.0	of 11/6	of 5/9
8 ft.	5 ft.	6½ ft.	£4.3.0	of 14/7	of 7/9
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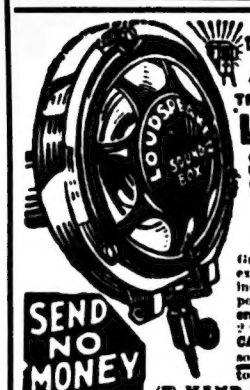

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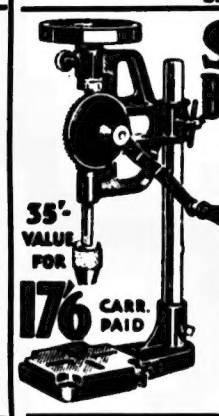

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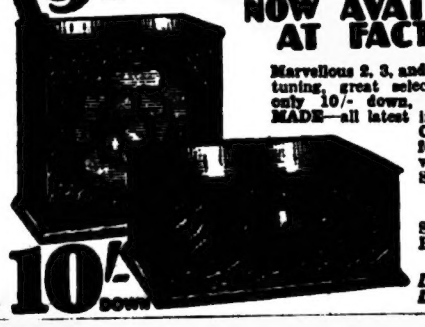

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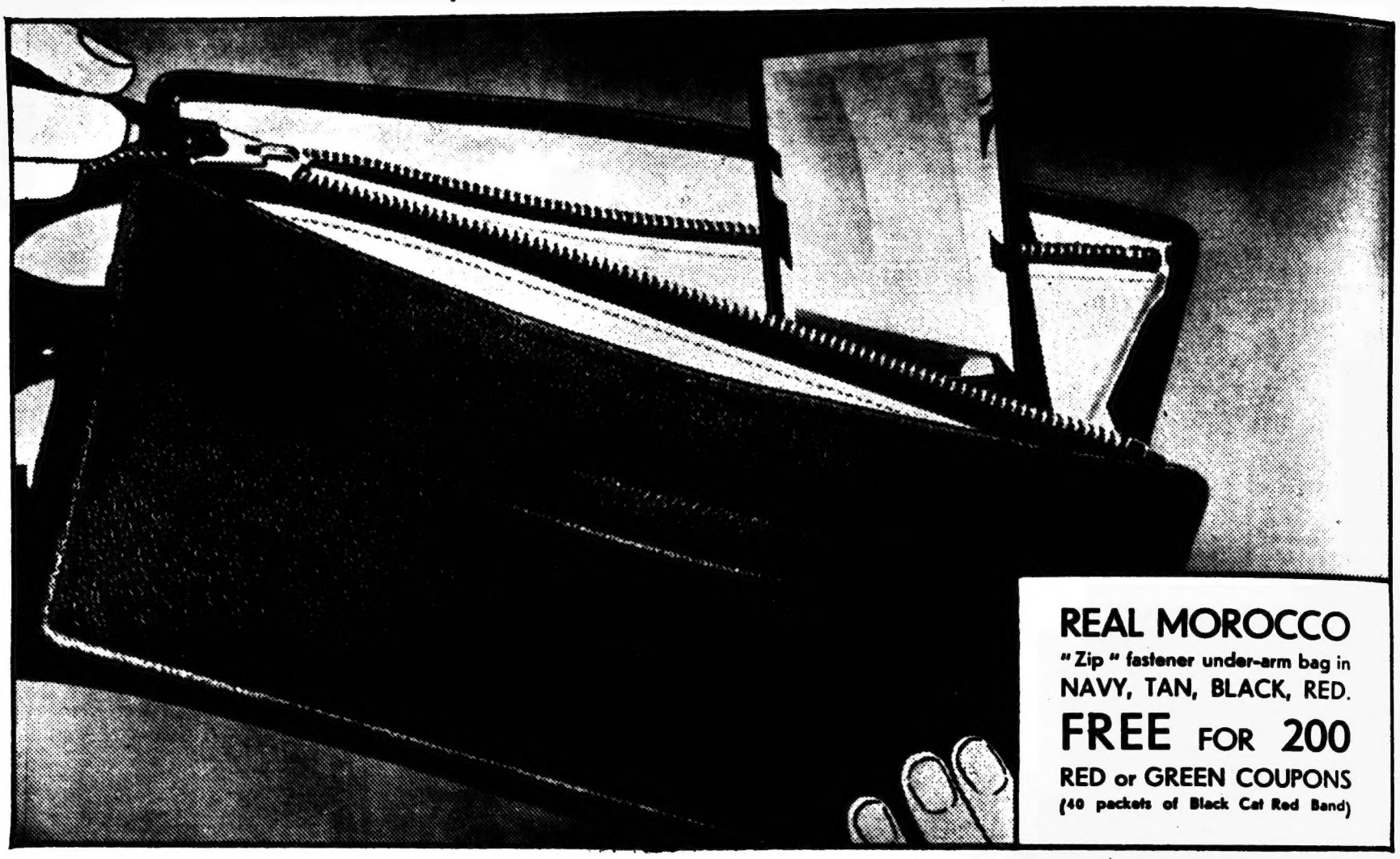
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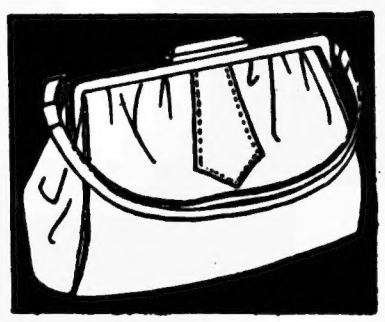

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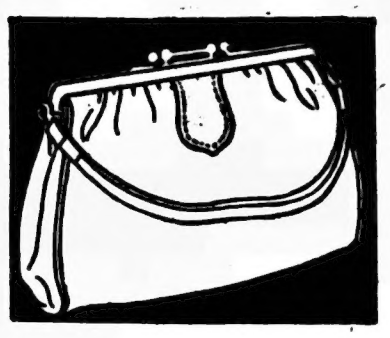

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"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Mr. MacDonald's Vital Choice

WHO could have prophesied the events of the past few days when the National Government was formed?

And who would have guessed, when Mr. MacDonald handed in the resignation of the Labour Government, that in a few weeks he would be even considering leading a Tory-Tariff Reform election campaign?

There have been dramatic changes of Party in British politics, but never anything so dramatic and sudden as this.

No going back

The Premier, when he left his colleagues, talked, in private, as though he meant to rejoin them as soon as the immediate crisis was over.

But the breach is irrevocable. Their bitterness against him is too strong. And he feels little, if at all, less strongly about them.

Willy-nilly, his political future is going to be bound up with his new associates. He will never go back to Labour as Mr. Lloyd George went back to Liberalism.

The nearer parallel is Joseph Chamberlain.

Face the facts

It is time to face the facts arising out of the heavy fall in the value of the £ sterling.

While there is no need for alarm of any kind, the facile optimism which is being inspired by some daily papers and by the Stock Exchange boom can only do harm in the long run.

* * *

Until the £ becomes stabilised there is bound to be a period of uncertainty and of some difficulty. These difficulties need not be serious if we face up to them. They may prove serious if we ignore them.

The Government and the Bank of England have decided not to peg sterling but to let it fluctuate until it reaches what is known as its economic level.

The unknown limit

No economist or banker is yet able to prophesy with any assurance what that economic level will be. It seems certain, however, that we must prepare for some increase in the cost of living. This increase should not be very large, because wholesale prices have in the depression fallen much lower than retail prices.

There can thus be a considerable rise in the wholesale level before the gap between them is bridged and a rise in retail prices becomes inevitable.

Now is our chance

Meanwhile, the fall in export prices has already led to some increased demands for British goods in overseas' markets.

This is a big point in our favour. But depreciation of our currency alone will not, as has been suggested in some quarters, mean immediate revival of our industries.

The need for increased efficiency and reorganisation is still essential. The rest of the world will not long be content to let our currency remain so much below theirs as to give us our present advantage.

We must make the best use of our present opportunity while it remains.

Don't Juggle with the £

The Talkie M.P.s.

The tariff menace

Many financial authorities are now convinced that a tariff following on the abandonment of the Gold Standard would be disastrous.

Going off the Gold Standard has done all that tariffs can do and more.

A tariff now would, in the opinion of leading financiers and economists, mean an immediate big rise in the cost of living and would so reduce the standard of life in this country and the purchasing power of the community that we should lose much of our present trade advantage.

World's Urgent Problem

If the French Premier pays his proposed visit to President Hoover at Washington the conference may result in some more constructive approach to the problem of the world's gold supply. And, as Sir Norman Angell indicates in his exclusive article to-day, the problem is one which cannot be shelved indefinitely.

He tells you on page 7

Before the British Government took its dramatic decision, suggestions were made to Washington and Paris that a world conference should be held to discuss the gold problem. But the suggestion from London was coldly received and the idea had to be abandoned.

Reduce the Bank Rate

Pressure should be brought to bear upon the Bank of England at once in order to bring about a reduction of the Bank Rate from the high level of 6 per cent. to which it was raised on the Sunday evening when it was decided to abandon the Gold Standard.

A high Bank Rate serves no useful purpose now that we have taken that decision, for its main function has been to prevent heavy withdrawals of gold from London.

It places upon British industry a very heavy burden by making it pay more heavily for bank loans at a time when funds are urgently needed to finance contracts which will enable them to recapture export markets and take full advantage of the depreciation in sterling.

The biter bit

France, whose withdrawal of funds from London was largely responsible for the emergency here, is now suffering from a boomerang effect of her previous tactics.

Already some of her luxury trades are in danger of going out of business owing to their inability to sell goods here at the new level of the £.

Moreover, the Bank of France, which had deposits totalling well over £100,000,000 in London, is now faced with a 25 per cent. loss on those balances.

France will now perhaps have a little more sympathy with British investors who were refused any consideration when they lost four-fifths of the money they lent to France during the war.

A cut wanted

There is one "dole" that is not being cut by the Government in the present economy campaign.

This is the sum of about £6,000,000 paid out to relatively prosperous industries under the De-rating Act passed by the last Conservative Government.

Agriculture and the depressed industries only receive £20,000,000 of the £26,000,000 of relief given.

Liked by all

All members of Parliament are full of admiration for the wisdom and tact with which Mr. Speaker Fitzroy is carrying out his difficult and responsible duties in these days of political turmoil.

"Wisdom . . . tact . . . fairness . . ."

His authority has steadily grown. He holds the balance between political opponents with scrupulous fairness and has a happy knack of dispelling storm-clouds.

Many people thought the Speaker had gone wrong in allowing the Opposition to raise a debate on the unrest in the Atlantic Fleet. Events proved that his judgment was sound and that it was his nervous critics who had failed to appreciate the situation correctly.

Return the compliment

America is faced with the worst winter in her commercial history, and she is making efforts to get rid of every possible man who is unable to support himself.

For some time past she has been repatriating hundreds of destitute Britons a month, and the rate is now rapidly increasing. The excuse given in most cases is that the men are "undesirables."

We should return the compliment by immediately sending her back the confidence-tricksters, share-pushers, three-card men and other crooks who have been favouring us with their company this summer.

The machine works!

After the events of the past few weeks there should be no further complaints about the obsolescence of the machinery of Parliament.

The new Gold Standard Act received its first, second and third readings in the House of Commons, passed through all its stages in the House of Lords, and received the Royal Assent in a little over seven hours.

The Committee drawing up a report on methods of improving the machinery of Parliament will have to modify some of the strictures which it was said to have in mind!

The Nelson annuity

Mr. Snowden is conducting negotiations with a view to obtaining a reduction or a commutation of the Nelson annuity.

As we pointed out recently, this annuity has already cost the State some £630,000. After the Battle of Trafalgar, Nelson's brother William was created Earl Nelson of Trafalgar and an annuity of £5,000 was attached to the title in perpetuity.

Everybody treasures the memory of Nelson's deeds. But that does not seem a good reason for continuing a State pension into a second century to collateral branches of the family.

Read your policies

Hard times are making people turn in every direction in their efforts to raise money. Many readers are trying to do so on insurance policies.

From the number that have found this is impossible it is clear that they have not taken the trouble to read their policies carefully. Many of them have no realisable value until payments have been made on them for five years.

It is also wise to remember that in many cases default in payment of premiums often results in the complete loss of all the money that has already been paid.

Kinema M.P.s

Kinema owners are considering the advisability of running a group of candidates at the next election.

Many large kinema proprietors think they have been treated unfairly in the debates on the Sunday Performances Bill and on the question of nationalisation of censorship, both of which have been held over for later discussion.

They contend that it is not for the local authorities to decide whether children should be admitted to see certain films.

If such a group is formed, the kinema will prove a very powerful platform for the candidates.

"If You See It—" —(continued)

Setting an example

A few years ago, a Newcastle youth opened a small wireless shop. At twenty-one, he possessed a flourishing business. He provided his public with the goods they required—and a free service for twelve months afterwards.

Now he has gone a step farther. He has a fleet of six motor-cycle combinations so that his staff can execute prompt repairs with the minimum of delay.

Young men who complain they have not had a chance should note this example.

This young man did not wait for his opportunity—he made it!

Tactless

The Home Office should enquire into the action of a Neath police officer who, wishing to question a schoolboy, took a constable with him to the school and had the lad called out from his class.

Later the little chap was subjected to the jeers and cat-calls of his playmates.

We are not concerned with the reason for the enquiry. The fact that stands out is that the officer was both tactless and unkind.

Seamen's troubles

The National Union of Seamen allotted this year the sum of £25,000 to assist unemployed members to be reinstated in benefit.

This was a fine gesture but, on the other hand, no man can join a ship unless he has the union form known as P.C.5.

Mr. W. R. Spence, General Secretary of the Union

Only the union can issue this form and, while we do not suggest that there is any abuse, there is an obvious loophole.

The union should investigate the allegations now being made by unemployed seamen that this form is being deliberately withheld from non-members and from those whose subscriptions are in arrears.

Such statements must not be allowed to go unchallenged.

"Old Ben's" stars

"Old Ben," as the Newspapers' Benevolent and Provident Institution is affectionately known, is arranging a wonderful all-star concert at the London Palladium on Sunday afternoon, October 18.

Charles Dickens was President of the Institution for sixteen years and the cause he espoused is no less worthy of support to-day. Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, Owen Nares, Edith Day, Yvonne Arnaud, Fay Compton, Jack Hylton and his Band, and many other stage celebrities are appearing at this concert.

Doors open at 2.15 and tickets may be obtained at the Palladium box-office.

Well done!

Harry Denton Morris, of Vicar's Cross, near Chester, is a brave man in the truest sense of the word.

He had left the Chester Infirmary only a week after a serious operation when he dived into the Shropshire Union Canal to rescue Roy Williams, an eight-years-old boy.

Morris saw a lot of people running about and gesticulating, but when he got there and discovered the reason he did not waste time finding someone else to do the job.

Morris saved the boy, collapsed after his good work was done, and again became an inmate of the same Infirmary. We are glad to learn that he will not be there long.

Winning through

Some weeks ago we commented upon the courage of Mr. Arthur Richard Lloyd, a blind Swansea man, in ignoring what was virtually a ban on his efforts to get ordained as a minister.

His courage and his gifts have at last been recognised by the Baptist denomination and Mr. Lloyd has been ordained.

By his success, Mr. Lloyd has created a precedent which should make a theological career possible for other blind people.

Wise move

Our duty to the unemployed does not end with the provision of benefit.

A party of Sunderland people have realised the need for providing mental relaxation, and a proposal has been made that church halls should be organised into social centres for the unemployed.

It is a sound scheme which will cost little but mean a lot in easing the burden of those who, after all, are the innocent victims of unhappy circumstances.

A cleaner Manchester

In strong contrast to many municipal undertakings the Manchester Corporation gas department can fairly claim a meed of praise.

By the application of modern and business-like methods to the use of by-products they have increased the sale of domestic coke over a thousand times in six years.

The price is low; delivery is free within six miles of the Town Hall, and the fuel is claimed to be practically smokeless, while fumes, spitting, and crackling have also been abolished.

Apart from the increase in revenue this is an interesting contribution to health that other municipalities might well copy.

Potato shortage

It is estimated that about 2,000,000 tons of home-grown potatoes have been destroyed by floods and blight. This is about half our annual consumption.

In the ordinary way we could rely on plentiful supplies of potatoes from Holland, France and Belgium, but the Continent is now so nervous about tariffs that they will probably play for safety and try to dispose of their potato crops at home.

Here is a case in which a sharp rise in price can scarcely be avoided.

Postal unrest

Postal workers all over the country are thinking of following the example of the teachers.

They have an unfair deal, Mr. P.M.G.

They are extremely dissatisfied with the reductions in their wages which have been made in accordance with the cost of living sliding scale.

They feel that this system of fixing wages has given them a very unfair deal.

As we have often pointed out, many postmen are badly paid. £3 a week is a high average salary, and many postmen earn no more than 30s. a week.

A modern saint

Amazing developments are taking place in Normandy, where a new "Lourdes of the North" has grown round the legends of a modern saint.

Lisieux, near Havre, is the centre of the movement, and the saint is Thérèse of Lisieux, whose healing power during life and after death is attested by the learned and the simple.

Marie Françoise Thérèse Martin was canonised in 1925, eighteen years after her death. Yet she was just a plain Norman girl, the daughter of a lace manufacturer.

As a child, she vowed herself to the Church and now her memory is held sacred by vast numbers of people in France and other countries.

"For sale" tragedy

Agents' boards are appearing in their hundreds at new housing estates up and down the country.

The would-be owners, with family exchequers depleted by wage cuts and income-tax increases, have been forced to the realisation that they cannot continue to meet their instalments.

Building societies, through which most of these "pay-while-you-own" schemes are transacted, now have an opportunity to be generous as well as businesslike by making every possible concession to purchasers, such as extension of the period of payment.

Sharks

It has been revealed at a Northern police court that a woman negotiated with a local moneylender for a £3 loan, the terms for which involved a repayment of £4 10s. at three shillings a week.

The interest was 50 per cent. over a period of thirty weeks, or 86⅔ per cent. per annum.

Subsequently, she obtained a further loan to pay off the first and a third to pay off the second. She did not handle any of the money apart from the first loan, but the interest on the third transaction was at the rate of 100 per cent. per annum.

Moneylenders are still bleeding those people who cannot grasp the real significance of their subtle terms.

Why the wait?

The average time required for making enquiries necessary in connection with applications for widows' and old age pensions is supposed to be 40 days.

Why, then, have so many applicants to wait several months before a decision on their claims can be reached?

When we complain about the delay in any particular case, a decision is generally notified within a few days.

Readers who have been kept waiting for an unreasonable period should send full particulars of their cases to our Pensions Department for investigation.

The silver lining

The spirit of the 7,000 people of Brynmawr has risen above the acute depression in the iron and coal trades on which they were dependent, and all classes joined in the formation of a town development committee.

New industries have been started, including the manufacture of furniture, Welsh tweeds, boots and stockings, and others are contemplated. Every phase of the community is represented and several schemes of civic improvement inaugurated.

Brynmawr is one of the bright spots in Britain. Unemployment has stimulated its people to greater efforts, and their dauntless courage is worthy of the success we hope will come to them.

Travellers' ramp

Farmers should beware of certain itinerant travellers who just now are very active in soliciting orders for feeding stuffs.

These men are so persistent that they often persuade farmers to write them small orders, say, for 1 cwt., simply to get rid of them. Later on, the farmer finds that his order has been altered to 10 cwt., apparently in the same handwriting.

The wisest plan is to post all orders.

Down below

The rate at which pit horses and ponies were killed and injured by accidents in 1930 was higher in many districts than in 1929.

Despite all official efforts to bring about a reduction, these appalling occurrences continue to cause untold suffering to the unfortunate creatures concerned.

Against this, however, it is satisfactory to know that over 500 mines do not now use ponies.

From this it is obvious that the end of the use of pit ponies is within measurable distance.

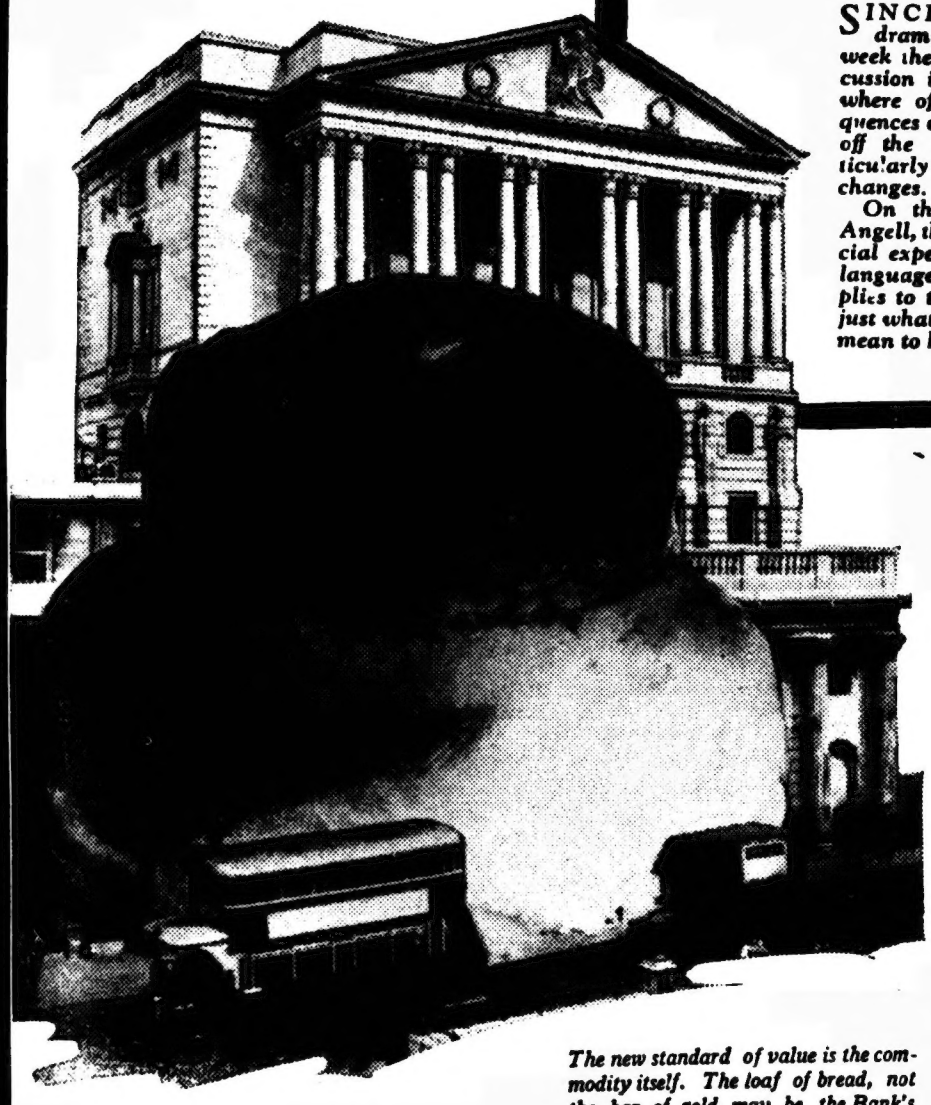
ADAMSON— —Staggered!

The Great GOLD Illusion

by SIR NORMAN ANGELL, M.P.

SINCE the Government's dramatic decision of the past week there has been much discussion in the Press and elsewhere of the economic consequences of Great Britain going off the Gold Standard; particularly of the international changes.

On this page, Sir Norman Angell, the world-famous financial expert, describes in plain language what the change implies to the man-in-the-street—just what it is, and what it will mean to him.



The new standard of value is the commodity itself. The loaf of bread, not the bar of gold, may be the Bank's new symbol of financial stability

WHAT does "being on the gold standard" mean? How did we get off? What is going to be the result?

Such are questions commonly asked and about which a good many of us are confused. Yet fundamentally they are simple.

We do a great foreign trade and have large dealings of all sorts all over the world. Our country could not live unless we did. Very well. When one of our insurance companies, say, undertakes in certain contingencies to pay a foreigner a large sum of money—it may be some years hence—the foreigner naturally wants particulars.

"In what kind of pounds?" he asks. "Are you going to treat me as France treated its creditors, offering twopence for tenpence? Is your Government going to cut the value of the pound in two by the simple process of printing notes and calling them pounds sterling?"

A frightful cost

INSURANCE companies or those entering into long term contracts have been able to say heretofore: "You can count on getting a gold pound, a pound interchangeable for 7,322 grammes of gold."

That has satisfied the foreigner as he knows then that, it being impossible to manufacture gold, its value, and consequently that of the pound, will not be seriously depreciated.

But we have given this assurance at frightful cost.

We have had to restrict credit because we have had to restrict our currency by the amount of gold available. Now, shortage of currency means falling prices, just as expanding your credit and money means rising prices.

Our money policy has been governed by gold. Indeed, we have had to get gold in order to be in a position to hand it over on demand to creditors.

The crisis came when we could not deliver gold. Gold had become scarce because America and France had an undue share. This did not come about because of any plot on the part of France or America.

It came about in some such way as this: Europe owed, as the results of war, great debts to America. They amounted to more than all the gold in the world outside America.

Europe could only pay, ultimately, in goods or services. But as soon as foreign goods began to flow into America, America put up the tariff and kept the goods out.

The American manufacturers, when they clamoured for a tariff, were not thinking about the gold standard, they were merely thinking about keeping competing goods out. But the effect of the Act was to compel the payment of balances in gold until, finally, America got nearly all the gold, and her debtors could not pay any more.

The only way they could pay was by goods, which America would not receive. This broke up the gold standard.

The first effects of going off gold are good. We offer in payment of our debts, in place of gold, our paper pound, which is worth broadly just what it will buy in England. The foreigner values it at present at less than a gold pound.

Acts as a tariff

THIS means that when we want to buy a hundred francs worth of French goods, instead of getting those goods for about 17s., as we could have done a fortnight ago, we have to give 20s.

A dollar's worth of American wheat could be bought before we went off gold for 4s.; we shall now have to pay about 5s.

This acts as a tariff. We shall buy less French and American commodities. But that is not all. Being off gold means that if there is not enough money for business purposes we do not have to worry as to whether gold is available; we can expand credit as trade demands.

Now the result of making more money, as we have seen, is to provoke a rise in prices. When the Germans were printing money by the ton, prices rose to fantastic heights; you paid millions of marks for an egg.

We shall never—unless we go mad—come to that, and a steady and gradual rise of prices will give a great fillip to trade. The wholesaler says: "Things are rising in price; let us give a large order, as next month they will cost more." Mills will be busy executing the orders; and unemployment will decrease.

But there is the other side of rising prices. The cost of living will go up, which means that the real value of wages will go down. Housewives will remember the period after the war and until about 1926 when "the pound bought ten shillings worth of goods."

The man who loses

IF we can raise wages to meet the rising cost of living, well and good. But there is almost always a time lag on which the worker loses. He has to balance the increasing cost of living against the enormous advantage of the greater chances of employment which a rising price level almost always gives.

Further, rising prices reduce the burden of debt. Interest on mortgages, the taxation which goes to paying interest on our public debt, remain the same money figure whether money be gold or paper, prices high or low.

With low prices a farmer finds that it takes a hundred sacks of wheat to pay his mortgage interest; with higher prices the same nominal money debt is paid with seventy-five or fifty sacks. The mortgage holder, like all people with fixed money incomes, loses with rising prices—their incomes buy less. But producers and debtors gain.

The thing went so far in Germany that farmers were able to pay off a heavy mortgage with the price of a pair of ducks, since ducks rose to prices like ten thousand pounds each, and workmen were receiving a thousand pounds a day—and were unable to buy the ducks.

Again, we shall not come to that. But we must so manage our paper money while off gold that we do not come anywhere near it. For we are more dependent upon foreign food and raw material than any other country; and more dependent upon foreign trade.

Both facts mean that we must as soon as possible get back to a money stable in value so that the foreigner will know just how many pounds he will receive in return for his own money, or how much the pound will buy.

If we are to sell ships that take several years to build, and carry on that kind of business, we must know, and our customer must know, what real values we shall pay or receive in a few years' time. Otherwise the shipbuilder may find—paper money having fallen in value by too great a production of it—that the hundred thousand pounds he has contracted to receive for the ship won't even paint it.

Great opportunities

OR, if prices have again fallen by reason of there being too little money, the producer who buys the ship may be bankrupt.

If the pound has no stable value, then we shall make bargains in dollars, or gold, or it may even be in silver or commodities. But it is evident that a country like this cannot carry on the kind of business by which it has lived in the past without a money that both itself and its customers can trust.

How to create such a standard if gold is no longer to be used will be a difficult, but not impossible, problem. It means closer international co-operation, perhaps the establishment of an international banking authority.

And whatever that standard may be, it is quite evident it won't work unless we agree to avoid the kind of thing which broke the gold standard, that is to say, the kind of accumulation in which the American and French policy resulted.

We must agree to have some sort of order in our tariff-making so that it won't make the money system unworkable. The effect of the tariff on the money system is an aspect of tariffs usually entirely disregarded, but it happens to be perhaps the most important of all.

We face great dangers but also great opportunities: the opportunity of creating a more rational money than we have had in the past, and of curing a defect in our methods that has been a fruitful cause of poverty and misery.

GIVE THIS BEAR a SORE HEAD!

Sir A. CAMPBELL, *Chairman,*
London Stock Exchange Committee

DEAR SIR ARCHIBALD,—Allow me to congratulate you and your Committee upon your decision not to postpone the reopening of the Stock Exchange longer than was absolutely essential.

By doing so you helped to demonstrate to the world that Britain's faith in herself is as strong as ever. The boom in industrial shares when you reopened your doors must have given a shock to the enemies of England, who were preaching that we were nearly down and out.

You followed up this wise initial gesture of confidence last week by a resolute and admirable decision to check the activities of unpatriotic speculators. You and your committee had evidently been watching the activities of the professional "bear" — the gentleman who lives on selling shares which he does not possess and who battens on false rumours which will destroy confidence.

He had been very active during the days of the crisis—and he would have continued to be a source of real danger had you not taken the wise precaution of insisting that all dealings must be for cash and prohibiting option business entirely.

In taking this decision you had behind you the precedent set up by the Stock Exchange Committee at the outbreak of war, when it was also deemed necessary to insist that every transaction should be on a cash basis.

I sincerely hope that your action will put a complete stop to the "bears'" tactics and will give honest investors and stockbrokers a chance to help their country by working for a revival.

JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN GILMOUR, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Does the Government realise that during the next two months wheat must be sown for next year's harvest, and that thousands of acres capable of producing food are being left derelict?

This is particularly so in Lincolnshire and adjoining counties.

Immediate action is necessary. The alternative is a delay of at least two years before these acres can be made productive again.

I hope you will see that something is done to obviate this real danger.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. N. CHAMBERLAIN,
Minister of Health

DEAR MR. CHAMBERLAIN,—When the building trade is busy, it means employment for men in kindred trades.

May I suggest, therefore, that you see to it that orders for the immediate repair of dilapidated houses are enforced?

London has many dwellings unfit for human habitation. Rotten beams and leaky roofs are dangerous and action is needed to see that sanitary inspectors have real power behind them.

Landlords cannot claim poverty as an excuse, since they are quick to collect the rents from the unhappy people who are forced to live in these hovels.

Here is a chance for you to help victimised tenants and some of the unemployed.

JOHN BULL.

Viscount BYNG OF VIMY,
4, Bryanston Square, W.

MY LORD—On the occasion of your retirement from Scotland Yard, I must tender my congratulations on a big task successfully accomplished.

Through your efforts the Force has regained much lost prestige and your term of service has seen many long-needed changes.

Critics said that your age and the fact that you were a soldier without police experience would tell against you, but nobody could have done better for the public and for the men you have commanded.

May your retirement be a happy one, blessed with renewed health.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CHARLES EDMONSON,
Bradford Public Assistance Committee

DEAR MR. EDMONSON,—Free coal this winter for Bradford's recipients of out-relief is good news.

I learn that the committee's decision to grant a weekly allowance of 1s. 9d. for coal rested on your casting vote as chairman.

I am glad to know that you have a warm thought for the poor as well as a warm heart. A little humanity means much to these unhappy people who have to depend on others.

JOHN BULL.

GEORGE W. SMITH,
Blanmerle Road, New Eltham

BRUTE,—A fine of £5 is no proper punishment for gross cruelty such as yours.

You repeatedly lashed your patient horse with a whip that had some inches of bare steel at the end, until the poor creature's back was a mass of weals.

I regret that the magistrate was not empowered to order a strong dose of the same treatment for you.

A few scars on your own back might teach you to treat a dumb animal with more humanity.

JOHN BULL.

The CITIZENS of LICHFIELD,
Staffs

GOOD PEOPLE,—The city of Lichfield has been free from serious crime for the past six years, and its claim to be one of the best behaved cities is certainly justified.

You are to be congratulated on being such law-abiding citizens—an example to everybody. The great Doctor Johnson, who was born in Lichfield, must view you from the shades with approbation. He loved peace.

And, from behind "the curtain," Davy Garrick, educated at your grammar school, must be gratified at the manner in which you deport yourselves.

JOHN BULL.

The COUNCIL,
Abercarn, Mon.

GENTLEMEN,—You have just set an example on a small scale which I hope the country will follow.

Two years ago, when your little town was heavily in debt, you set about the task of straightening out its finances.

Despite industrial depression you have succeeded in wiping off an indebtedness of £59,707 and thereby paved the way for lower rates.

For this tenacity of purpose and obvious regard for your people you deserve every praise. Here are mine.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. THICKER,
30, Wellington Road, Bridgwater

DEAR THICKER,—When a five years old lad overbalanced and fell into the River Parrett, there was only about three feet of water, owing to the falling tide.

On the other hand, there was plenty of thick, treacherous mud. A large number of people watched the little lad being swept away. You threw off your coat and waistcoat and dropped twenty feet from the Town Bridge.

The risk to yourself was far greater than it would have been at high water and I am indeed glad that your bravery was rewarded by your being able to save the boy.

I am glad to add my tribute to the many that must have been rightly showered upon you.

JOHN BULL.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. JOSEPH GENT,
Wood Ditton, Cambs

SIR,—You are 63 years of age and describe yourself as "independent." If you were some years younger I should like to test my whip on your body.

The other day someone mounted a gate of your orchard to take a plum from one of your trees.

Thereupon you got your horsewhip and with it lashed this person so unmercifully about the legs that you caused great weals, broke the skin, and made the limbs bruised and swollen.

This frightful punishment was inflicted by you upon a *seven years' old girl.*

When the child's mother called upon you, to escape her challenge about your brutality, you threatened, if a fuss was made, to summon the infant for stealing your fruit.

Newmarket magistrates have allowed you to escape with a 30s. fine for this dreadful assault.

Never have I wanted more to give a bully a taste of his own medicine.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shou'der*

MISS ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P.: "The snobbery of twentieth century England has poisoned her literature."

Come, come, Ellen: we grow less snobbish every year and there are far more sob stories than snob stories nowadays.

* * *

DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER: "Too often democracy puts midgets in the seats of the mighty."

The simple error of mistaking noisiness and persistence for ability.

Not from the B.B.C.—Oskar Deres, London's latest foreign "Star," laughs—

So Very, Very Vunny!

HULLO! How go you all? Goot night!
I'm quite vell, if you blease!
Mein knowledge of your tongue is slight;
But I can take mine ease—
Likevise one vine vat salary
Unt loud cheers from the gallery!

At virst vhen they gif me my bart
No English vords I knew;
But soon I learn 'im off by heart;
So now I sbeak like you,
And earn each veek big English money,
For everybody say I'm funny.

I lofe your land; I am agreed
To drink your English beer;
But I am very glad indeed
My birthplace vas not here!
Vor then *I'd* not be here, you bet—
I'd go abroad a job to get!

Hullo, everypody! You see, my English it imbroves all the time? Soon I will sbeak it like your Harry Lauder!

They tell me vhen I first come that I must mind my p's and q's. Then they say I must mind my v's and d's. But now they say I sbeak very well on the stage—much better than some of the gompany!

You see, I study your language for two whole months. And, anyway, you must by now be used to foreign accents on your stage.

Two of the ladies who act vith me—I mean *with* me—are American, and the actress who shares with me my pig success is Russian. I—I am Hungarian; and the musical direkter, he is Austrian; and the costumes, they come from Berlin; and the play it is "Viktoria and Her Hussar"—"Viktoria" spelt with a "k," you may be sure it is not English before you puy your seats!

Of course, I'm not gomblaining! When Sir Alfred Butt offer me big fat gontract to be comedian in London, I think it strange. But as your poet Tennyson says, "Nod mine to reason why."

So I come and I make big hit. And I find I am nod the only one. While your newspapers are talking about buying British goods and nod sending money abroad, the royalties for three big Austrian musical shows are going abroad, and other foreign performers in London are waxing fat—though nod as fat as Oskar, ha, ha!

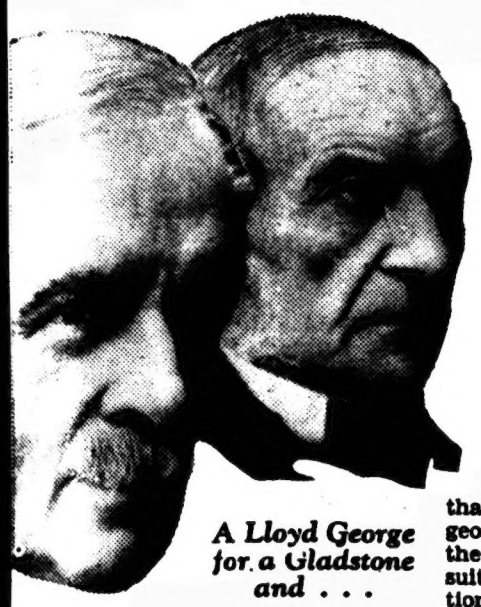
It is all very vunny—ach! those v's!—I mean *funny*! Bud I love the English and they love me! Most of all, they love my laughing song! And do you know why I sing the laughing song so well? I tell you!

If a laughing song you have got to sing,
You must first find food for mirth.
So I visit your shows; and there I see
Comedians funny as they can be,
But not drawing nearly *my* £ s. d.,
Since lacking my foreign girth—
(He, he!)
A fact which inspires my mirth!

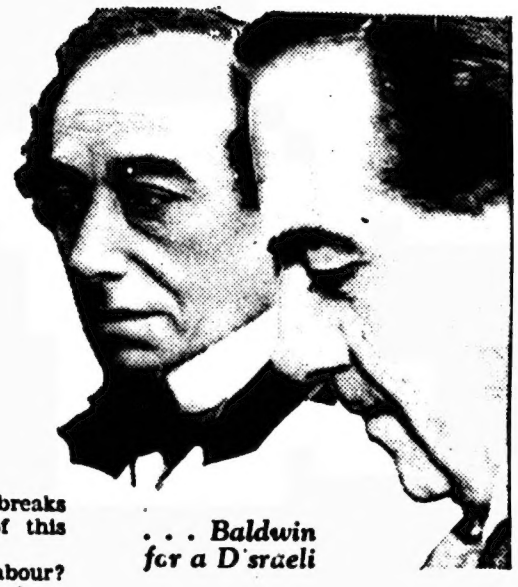
You think my song is a jolly fine joke,
And I certainly think so, too!
But all the time that you laugh at me—
With a "Ha, ha, ha!" and a "He, he, he!"—
I'm also laughing with great good glee—
Laughing like blazes at you!
(He, he!)
Good-humouredly laughter at you!

A. G. GARDINER asks—

Who Will LEAD?



A Lloyd George for a Gladstone and . . .



. . . Baldwin for a D'sraeli

In the delirium which has fallen upon public affairs it is difficult for the plain man to know where he is, what he wants, and to which party, or group of a party, he belongs. The difficulty is increased by the absence of decisive personalities in our affairs.

In the past issues seemed clear because they were embodied in some figure—Asquith, Chamberlain, Disraeli, Gladstone—who commanded the confidence of great masses of opinion and was believed to possess a wisdom and knowledge that justified his authority.

That is not the case to-day. Just when we need a voice from Sinai more than ever we did, Sinai seems tenantless.

Human—and helpless

The fact may be due to many causes. It may be that democracy sandbags the voice that could give it wise counsel and will only listen to the baser sort of politician who will flatter its appetites. If so, democracy will have a short run and anything but a merry one.

Or it may be that we, like Rome, have "lost the breed of noble blood," which seems an unlikely thing to have happened in the course of a brief generation.

I lean to the explanation that politics in these days has become so vast and confused an affair that it is beyond the grasp and control of the human mind.

In a settled and secure world politicians may

Assume the God,
Affect to nod
And seem to shake the sphere.

But now that the world has got out of hand and seems rushing down a steep place on its own account, we find that leaders are as human and helpless as the rest of us.

Nothing is more significant of the confusion and chaos of the time than the disrepute into which party leaders have fallen. Parties are all in dissolution and not one of them has a figurehead who means much to the public or whose personality could win victories at the poll.

Crying for ginger

Mr. Baldwin is still the nominal leader of the Conservatives, but his influence is negligible and he only retains his place because there is no possible successor.

Mr. Henderson is the nominal leader of the Labour Party, but his followers are in factious rebellion behind him. He does not give them ginger hot enough in the mouth, and is suspected by Miss Jenny Lee and Mr. Maxton and Mr. Wise and the rest of the left wing phalanx of being little better than a sheep in wolf's clothing, if not that hated thing, a mere "bourgeois" who cannot be induced to say the blessed word "proletariat" with suitable unction or hiss the malediction "rentier" with the proper venom.

If he survives, it is not because he is accepted, but again, as in the case of Mr. Baldwin, because there is nobody more acceptable. For in spite of the bold bid which Dr. Addison is making for recognition as the real tiger of the party, no one suspects that amiable little gentleman of bloodthirsty instincts.

Nor is the Liberal Party in any better case. Indeed, it is in even worse case. It is true that it has a man of genius as its nominal leader. But then it wishes it hadn't. It lives in more terror of Mr. Lloyd George's genius than it does of any of its party foes.

Mr. George is its Old Man of the Sea. It cannot get on with him on its back, and it cannot shake him off its back.

It never knows whether he is manœuvring it into the Conservative camp or into the Labour camp; but it is quite sure he is manœuvring it somehow for purposes which he does not choose to disclose.

It would willingly exchange him for anybody if it could. But as it can't, it staggers on in a state of nervous apprehension as to what will happen to it when its Old Man of the Sea takes the field again, and breaks silence upon the perplexities of this heaving world.

Will he make a bid to lead Labour? I know that it is said that Labour would not have him. But could it help itself if he decided that stern duty compelled him to give it a lead? No one can make the Labour backbenches ring as he can.

Makes them roar

I have seen the whole row of Labour Ministers sitting blank and despairing as the little Welsh Wizard from the other side of the House tickled the ears of the groundlings behind them and made them roar like any bull-calf, as Falstaff says.

Before everything else, Mr. Lloyd George is an opportunist, and what opportunity like this of a sensational "come-back" with a whole party bankrupt of Parliamentary leadership waiting for him?

Useless for Mr. Henderson to say, "No, we know you of old. We want no Old Man of the Sea on our backs."

One speech would make him the hero of Labour. Two would put him in the saddle. Then indeed we should see the hounds of Labour let loose on the quarry!

It is symptomatic of the political confusion that four of the ablest Parliamentarians of the time have no party at all now. That is the case with the Prime Minister himself, and still more with the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

They have been renounced by official Labour, and though many of the more responsible members of the party have searchings of heart at the episode, there will be no reconciliation for them.

It is a pitiful close to a great chapter. Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden were not only the two chief architects of the Labour party. They were incomparably the two greatest Parliamentary figures the movement has thrown up.

They have been sacrificed on an issue as formidable as any in our history and on action which I am sure the future will endorse as urgent, courageous and patriotic.

A great Englishman

They have lost their own party and are not likely to find any other; but it would be a tragedy if the nation, in its poverty of political leadership, lost the services of men so conspicuous for their powers and for that rare virtue of placing the national interests before party and personal considerations.

There was never a time when the country needed disinterested guidance more than now, and there are no two men whom it can spare less than Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden.

If my feeling of respect is exceptional in the case of Mr. Snowden it is because I saw his first heroic fight during the Boer War, felt the impress of his sincerity and fearlessness, and in all the years since have never known him fall below his own high standards of truthfulness and public spirit.

A little rasping, a little acid, it is true. But a great voice and a great Englishman.

Hurry up, big man!

There remain those two powerful and unattached figures, Sir John Simon and Mr. Churchill. Sir John has wandered out of the orthodox Liberal fold on tariffs. Mr. Churchill has strayed from the Conservative fold on—I know not what. But he is straying back, also on tariffs.

Both brilliant men, the one the most acute analytical brain extant, the other a man in whom imagination outruns judgment. But neither, for different reasons, the great national leader that we lack.

He will appear doubtless in time; but I wish he would hurry up.

(I observe that in this survey of the political leaders I have omitted Sir Oswald Mosley. I offer him my apologies.)

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Laid Aside

A FRIEND has just been telling me of the sad case of a young fellow whose prospects in life have been blighted as the result of an unexpected illness.

The poor boy—for he is not much more; he is still in the early twenties—worked hard to educate himself. He did well at school and paid his own way through a technical institute afterwards by means of scholarships.

His preceptors thought a great deal of him, and he was on the point of taking up a position with one of the most famous engineering firms in the world when his health gave way and he lost his chance.

My friend says that he now lies comparatively helpless in the home to which he belongs, alone most of the time and with nothing to do but think and brood over his troubles. It is not surprising that he should give way to depression.

* * *

At the other end of the scale of life I had until recently a friend who was one of the most active and useful men of his generation. He died a few months ago. I used to go and see him sometimes after his retirement and nearly always found him in a melancholy mood.

He postponed his retirement as long as he could, for he had a morbid dread of being out of things, ignored and forgotten, the great rushing tide of the world's interest passing him by and leaving him stranded on the bleak shore of old age.

No doubt there are readers of these two little bits of biography who feel much the same as these two men, one young, the other old. Is there any help for them? Yes, there is. I have been through this very experience myself years ago, and, though it did not prove to be final, I learned something from it which has been useful to me ever since.

I had a year on my back after a serious illness. Medical opinion was that I could not return to my former avocation and must be content to go slowly for the rest of my days.

* * *

The opinion was wrong; I eventually recovered; but in my time of enforced inactivity I learned three things that we all need to realise: that no man is indispensable; that it is not good to hold too tightly to anything external, and that we should play our part as well as we can in the life of our time, but without fever, agitation and fret.

It is wholesome to be taught that the world can do very well without us and does not seem to miss us much, that the blessed things of life are few and simple, and that a cheerful and contented spirit can compensate for most human ills.

* * *

I do not know the young man to whom allusion is made above; but he may live to find, like Philip Snowden, that his violent switching-off from the track of the career he was trained for may be the prelude to a far greater one.

And you older people whose day is drawing to a close, think kindly of the young in their struggles and hopes. Don't grudge them sympathy and encouragement. Live again in their joys and successes. "And it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light."

Amazing Insurance Impostor

Wherever men gather to buy and sell motor-cars, Causley is there also to carry on his robberies

ONLY the cleverest criminals can prosper by exploiting the insurance field. The amateurish swindler almost invariably comes to disaster there, so complete is the detective organisation maintained by the great insurance houses.

New avenues were opened to the bold and resourceful crook when the Road Traffic Act came into force nine months ago.

Since then every motor-car owner has had compulsorily to insure against third-party risks. This created a vast amount of new business, and the opportunity was and is still being seized by cunning plunderers to enrich themselves.

Worst of them all is a concern named Cross Leigh and Co., described as accountapts and auditors, of Felsham Road, Putney, London.

Under the heading "Safety First Motor Insurance," Cross Leigh and Co. have been advertising extensively in national newspapers in recent weeks.

The company is represented to be brokers to the leading insurance companies, and boasts in its announcements that it even maintains a day and night service. Business is solicited by the offer of tempting low premiums, and the provision of immediate cover as well as payment of bonuses in the first year.

The public is counselled in each advertisement that the essentials of true insurance are protection and security, Cross Leigh and Co. recommending themselves as guarantors of these factors.

Pushful Causley

This is bluff at its best. Cross Leigh is a bogus and swindling company.

The address of this firm of accountants and auditors and brokers in Felsham Road is that of an unpretentious private house, two furnished rooms of which are occupied by an individual named Philip Lloyd Causley.

Causley is Cross Leigh and Co.

Since motor-car insurance became compulsory at the beginning of this year, he has been reaping a plentiful harvest from a great number of dupes.

There is apparently no limit to his audacity.

Causley, who is only thirty-three years of age, put himself in touch with at least seven principal insurance corporations after the Road Traffic Act came into operation and offered to provide them with substantial business on usual commission terms.

To obtain the appointments he went not only to the head offices of the big companies in the City of London, but sought personal interviews with the managers.

Skilful in conversation and misrepresentation, he deceived even these shrewd and experienced business chiefs.

An insurance company cannot be better represented than by an accountant, and Causley found it comparatively easy to obtain supplies of literature and official papers.

His company notepaper was excellent. It and his cards showed him as entitled to use the letters F.N.A.A. after his name, indicating, presumably, that he was a fellow of the National Association of Auctioneers.

He is nothing of the kind, and that body disowns him.

Causley also adorns his name with the letters F.I.B. These are meaningless—except for the word they spell.

When references were required, they came in glowing and commendatory phrases, describing his conspicuous ability and integrity, from people who had known him during the past seven or eight years.

Moreover his claims to be a first-class business-getter were soon proved genuine.

Notifications of new clients obtained by him reached the insurance companies' offices in large and ever-increasing numbers.

He was, by his pretensions and powers, the ideal insurance agent.

Whenever he could trace people who had bought motor-cars he was soon on their trail to sell them insurance. His canvassing work produced wonderful results—for himself.

Causley's methods were strictly correct and in accordance with genuine insurance practice up to the point when he had to deliver the money.

To each of the many motorists he has persuaded to become his clients, he gave a cover-note as soon as they paid him the first premiums. A cover-note is a form of receipt giving temporary insurance pending the issue of a policy.

These were official documents which he signed as the authorised representative of the different companies.

Mr. Basil Watson, North London magistrate, sent this sharper to hard labour with a warning which he has ignored

Not a penny paid

None of the companies has received a penny from him. Some of them are now finding that he has obtained hundreds of pounds in their names.

As the basis of insurance is good faith, it is to the credit of the companies that, having been imposed upon themselves, they have all issued paid-up policies to the numerous victims, so far as they can be traced.

Causley is still undischarged from an unsavoury bankruptcy which, he admitted, had its foundation in misappropriation of money. He has also been a regular patron, as defendant, of the county courts.

This self-styled accountant and auditor, who embellishes his name with titles, began the series of insurance frauds only two days after leaving prison on completing a sentence of eight months' hard labour for stealing radio sets.

Black record

The testimony as to his character contained in his references for the past eight years is strange because Causley during that time has had three other sentences for theft, larceny, and obtaining money by false pretences, as well as a conviction for assault.

When out of prison his occupation has been that of a bookmaker's assistant at dog-racing tracks.

Judging from the new advertisements of Cross Leigh and Co., Causley has apparently won the confidence of other insurance companies.

He is a menace and this exposure should put him out of business.

STILL SUGGESTING!

SOME time has elapsed since we referred to the Psychology Foundation, operating from the Rue de Londres, Brussels.

On that occasion we revealed how worthless were the claims of this organisation as "specialists in the wonder science of suggestion." Elmer Knowles, or, if readers prefer his real name, Mr. Prather, is still utilising this profitable method of duping the credulous.

He is a humbug of international notoriety who operated with some success in this country and in America before transferring himself to the Continent.

His "Foundation" professes to reveal secrets, and persistent advertising in English papers makes it clear that Mr. Prather is intent on extracting as much money from this country as he can.

The Psychology Foundation specialises in one form of suggestion only, and that is the well-worded suggestion that you should part with your money.

A CROOKED CRIPPLE FUND COLLECTOR

WIDESPREAD appeals are now being made on behalf of an organisation known as the Crippled Children's Holiday Fund, the headquarters of which are said to be at Notting Hill, London, W.

Householders are being approached by personal canvass, and by comparing notes it becomes apparent that only one canvasser is at work—a tall, well-built man of forty, with piercing, blue eyes, who gives the name of G. Briggs.

This individual was in Wandsworth recently, and one of his victims there is a woman of independent means, to whom he recounted a very plausible story.

Calling at a time when she was alone in the house, Briggs asked to see her father, and expressed great disappointment on being told that he was out.

He then proceeded to enlarge upon the excellent work carried out by his Crippled Children's Holiday Fund, giving the woman to understand that her father had always been a generous supporter of the cause.

* * *

Illness, said Briggs, had prevented him from calling earlier, and he always liked to visit his regular supporters in person in preference to employing one of his staff collectors.

The outcome was that he prevailed upon the woman to hand him "the usual two guineas" that he was accustomed to receive from her father, though she took the precaution of paying by cheque.

Of course, when the father returned he was utterly perplexed by the story of Briggs and his Crippled Children's Holiday Fund, of whose existence he had been quite in ignorance.

Enquiry showed that no such organisation was established in Notting Hill or anywhere else, but it was too late to stop the cheque, as the enterprising Briggs had cashed it immediately on receipt at a local newsagent's shop.

* * *

Briggs is very active in several parts of London, and in each district he visits he reaps a quick harvest, obtaining sums ranging from one to three guineas on the strength of his plausible tales.

Householders should be on their guard.

FORGER with *Forty Faces*

"More varied roles than any criminal of fiction." As in the picture—it's the same face with much "atmosphere"

HERE we present an exclusive exposure of one of the most audacious crooks at large—a grey-haired swindler of sixty, who, in a lifetime of crime, has played more varied rôles than any criminal of fiction.

Doctor, chemist, soldier, police officer, post-office official, farmer, clergyman, American business magnate, cattle-dealer—these are but a few of his poses, while his aliases, which are equally numerous, include those of "Major Frederick A. Dennistoun" and "Frederick A. Dennison."

Chain of—lies

He arrived in Bridgwater, Somerset, a little while back as a man of means, and immediately negotiated for premises in the centre of the town.

At these addresses he established himself as Frederick Dennison and Co., printers, stationers and booksellers, and spared no pains to let the world know that these were but two branches of a chain of printing establishments which he controlled.

For a time Frederick A. Dennison succeeded in creating a great impression, for though his local business was developing only slowly, there seemed no doubt that he had adequate financial resources.

His scale of living was of the best, for he acquired a magnificent house in the district, and he and his wife could frequently be seen driving about in a luxurious saloon-car.

But this did not endure. For all his outward show of prosperity, Frederick A. Dennison soon revealed himself as a man who was not too punctilious in settling accounts.

By then, all manner of creditors were involved. There were wholesalers who had supplied stationery and goods for his two printing establishments; there were the firms which had helped to furnish his magnificent home; and there were various tradespeople who had supplied food, household goods and wines and spirits in response to the newcomer's gracious orders.

Eventually a small avalanche of writs began to descend upon Dennison, not only from local dupes, but from victims in various other towns in which the so-called printer has operated.

Lincoln, for instance, is one centre in which he has made free with other people's money.

Announcing his intention of opening a branch there, Dennison incurred credit at a smart hotel and elsewhere, and settled his accounts with cheques drawn upon the Bridgwater branch of a famous bank, which were later dishonoured.

Peterborough is another place he has favoured with a visit, and where numerous people have been similarly deceived; while he wound up his affairs in Bridgwater by distributing a sheaf of worthless cheques and suddenly disappearing, leaving his luxurious home and his two printing establishments without a soul to care for them.

Crook-of-all-trades

Several tradespeople in the locality were very cruelly deceived, and one is heavily out of pocket through cashing a cheque for the impressive Mr. Dennison because the bank happened to be closed.

While no one seems to know where the missing printer is to be found, we can at least throw considerable light on his movements.

His plundering progress may be traced through Birmingham, Cambridge, Stamford, Newark, Huntingdon, Ware, Bristol, Grantham, Bedford and Dartford, while Paddington, Chelsea, Westminster and other London boroughs have been favoured with flying visits.

He is a jack-of-all-trades crook, and includes expert forgery among his many and varied accomplishments.

In this connection he is well known to the postal authorities, for he has brought the faking of money orders to a fine art.

Nothing is easier to him than to alter the figures in a money-order to give it considerably enhanced value, and his work has often defied detection even when presented to experts.

In the same way he has devised ingenious methods of faking Post Office savings bank books, even to the point of using his own cancellation stamps, which are replicas of those in use at branch post-offices.

Having prepared a book to show a comfortable credit balance, he makes good use of it by inducing some prospective victim to accept it as security for a temporary loan.

The changeling package

Another trick in which he has excelled for years is to establish himself in a fashionable hotel as a doctor, a detective or an American magnate.

To inspire confidence, he deposits an impressively sealed package with the hotel management, with the request that it shall be kept in the safe during the term of his residence.

The contents, he hints, are of great value. If his pose is that of a medical man, then his package contains secret formulæ or test tubes of valuable bacteria.

If he is passing as a sleuth, then he wishes to deposit State documents or papers which would incriminate some celebrity if they fell into unauthorised hands. When his guise is that of a big American business-man he pretends that his package contains share-certificates or valuable bonds.

He is such a consummate actor that no suspicion is ever aroused; the venerable doctor, detective or magnate enjoys the hotel's best service for a week, or perhaps longer; then he pays by cheque and disappears without troubling to redeem his valuable package.

His cheque invariably returns "R.D.," while his package usually consists of a few handbills, newspapers and old 'bus tickets.

Charity exploits

But bilking exclusive hotels is merely a sideline with this rogue. He is never at a loss to devise some illicit means of enriching himself.

On occasion he has even exploited the charitably disposed, a notorious example being when he posed as a representative of a concern called the "Young Men's Christian Help Society," through which he secured large sums of money by making widespread and convincing appeals.

As may be expected in a man of this type, he is utterly shameless and unprincipled, and will prey upon a woman as readily as a fellow man.

Dennison, as we say, remains serenely at large, varying his name at will and finding no dearth of new dupes.

His recent aliases include Guy Vernon, Fred Vernor, Frederick Smith, Fred Blackstone, Edward Clarke-King, Alfred Williams, George Sharp, Edward Strong and Edward Flower.

His arrest is very much overdue.

FIVE-SHILLING *Friendships*

A CONCERN known as the Mutual Correspondence Association, of 6, Conduit Street, Regent Street, London, W.1, is actively touting for members.

The fee for twelve months' membership is 10s. 6d., but in its eagerness to enrol clients it is prepared to accept 5s. down and the balance when its service has commenced.

This "service" consists of effecting postal introductions between people of either sex for "intellectual and general interests too numerous to mention."

In a stock letter sent to applicants, the secretary of the Mutual Correspondence Association, W. T. Walker, makes some interesting disclosures.

Some members, he confides, desire companionship for holidays; others want "just good friends"; others again "seek an acquaintance with a view to closer relationship."

The Association, in short, professes to cater for all needs and guarantees "absolute privacy."

In the printed application forms there is no question of references, and clients are not asked to divulge more than their name, age and profession.

* * *

We have repeatedly denounced postal correspondence clubs of this type as undesirable, and have shown, by citing concrete examples, how such organisations present dangerous facilities for adventurers, fortune-hunters and crooks.

Anyone who undertakes to effect postal introductions between strangers of opposite sexes is assuming a grave responsibility; and members themselves are running terrible risks.

SALE OF FIELD BOOTS

Guaranteed brand new, soundly constructed goods, all leather, black fully chrome tuppers, extremely pliable for tender feet. Double soles, screwed and stitched. Cap or plain fronts, waterproof tongue. Suitable for town or country wear. **Sizes 6-12, 7/9.**

Postage 9d. extra.

Rubber Soles and Heels 1s. extra.

Also extra heavy new

ARMY BOOTS, 9/9.

Post 9d. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Ladies' and Children's Catalogue Free.

7/9

POSTAGE 9d.

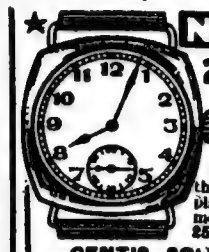
ROSE BROS., *Dept. J.B.* **89, Church Street, CROYDON.**

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly. Send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

You can send your money to these advertisers as easily as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under JOHN BULL'S famous guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 3



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LADY'S SOLID SILVER WATCH

Expanding silver bracelet, thoroughly tested, three-quarter plate, jewelled movement, utmost precision, handsome dial. 25/6. On Moiré Band, 20/-.

GENT'S SOLID SILVER WATCH

Strong leather strap, similar movement, 21/-, with second hand, Luminous 2/- extra.

Both warranted for 15 years. 7 Days after receipt of Watch pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly.

Send to Dept. J.B. to-day for one of these marvellous watches. 2/- discount for cash with order.

HOME & DOMINIONS WATCH CO., 6, White Hart Court, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

TRUSSES ABOLISHED

The Great British RUPTURE Treatment supported by the MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Send for Free Booklet of the most wonderful appliance for relief from Rupture. Not a truss, but a neat, washable little belt with a pad you inflate in a second to the pressure required. Adjusted in a moment. Cannot slip out of place. So light and comfortable that you will not know you have it on. It holds the Hernia firmly so that in nearly every case the broken tissues reunite, and the rupture is conquered for ever. Doctors everywhere recommend it and "The Lancet" has endorsed it. Write now to:—

BEASLEY SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO.
Dept. 208J, 26, Charing Cross Rd., London.

FULL LENGTH BED CHAIR 2/6 with SPRING SEATS

ONLY send 2/6 and we deliver to your address this handsome Bed-Chair with SPRING SEAT. 12 further weekly payments of 2/6 complete purchase. SOLID OAK FRAMES polished rich nut brown, 3 velvet cord cushions, any colour, 2 seat cushions reversible. Leg rest detachable and very useful as fire-side seat (see illus. 4). Our patent spring seats ensure comfort with permanent springing. Carr. Free. Exp. P.O.'s only. CASH PRICE 20/-

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Send for new Coloured List B

NORTH BUCKS TRADING Co. Ltd.
46 Shaftesbury Av., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

DO YOUR OWN SILVER-PLATING

Tops, Door Fittings, Trays, Car Radiators, Lamps, Brass, Copperware, etc.

Save yourself hours of labour and make your metal articles far more attractive by silver-plating with "SILVERENE." Instantly deposits GLITTERING SILVER surface. Easier than polishing. Plates as it cleans. No skill required. **1/-**

14 Days' INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Orders received during the next 14 days will receive a 1/6 supply of "SILVERENE" for 1/- (post 3d.). So send NOW 1/3 P.O. or stamps to

Wm. PENN (Dept. 6), 682, HOLLOWAY ROAD, LONDON, N.19.

WADDED QUILTS FREE!

2 Woolly Blankets	60x80
2 Strong Sheets	80x90
2 Pillow Slips	30x18
1 Bolster Case	58x18
1 Hand-Painted Bedspread	80x80
2 Check Glass Cloths	
2 Turkish Towels	42x20
1 Damask Table-Cloth	54x54
1 Pair Art. Silk Stockings	

COMPLETE BARGAIN SALE ONLY 20/- Carr. Free.

No further Payments Cash or C.O.D.

FREE GIFT of a handsome **WADDED QUILT.**

Satisfaction or money back.

PATON & HILL Co. Dept. 6, Paton St. MANCHESTER.

DOWN QUILTS

20/- free To advertise this complete Sale for 20/- and no further payments!

2 Woolly Blankets	90 x 70
2 Bolton Sheets	90 x 70
2 Pillow Slips	30 x 18
1 Bolster Case	58 x 18
2 Turkish Towels	*All double bed size.*

We are giving Free of Cost a 66 x 48 Beautiful Wadded

DOWN QUILT

If cash sent with order we will also include a pair of Artificial Silk Stockings. *Money back if not satisfied.*

Cash or C.O.D. Sent Carr. Free

MANCHESTER TEXTILE CO., Dept. J.B., 112, Grosvenor St., MANCHESTER.

CRETONNES GIVEN AWAY

ALL FOR **20/-** CARRIAGE PAID

CASH OR C.O.D.

1,500 SETS TO BE CLEARED.
Each Bale contains:

1 Pair Heavy White Woolly **Blankets,** Bordered and Whipped Double Bed Size.
1 Pair Heavy Bolton Twill **Sheets,** Double Bed Size.
1 Alhambra **Quilt,** Double Bed Size, lovely colours.
2 White **Pillow Cases,** 20 x 30.
1 White **Bolster Case,** 20 x 60.
1 Turkish **Towel.**

FREE GIFT

During next 10 Days to bring our renowned **SUN-GLOW CRETONNES** before the readers of this paper we will give, absolutely free with every bale, a **GRAND PARCEL of CRETONNE.**

CASEMENT MFG. CO. (Dept. J.B.33), Allum Street Mills, MANCHESTER.

50,000 Yards CASEMENT CURTAINING AND CRETONNES 1D.

P.C. BRINGS PATTERN BOOK POST FREE, ALSO POST FREE

72 Coloured Illustrations Lovely Cretonnes.

PATTERN BOOK POST FREE

From **3D.** Yard

CRETONNES and FADELESS CASEMENT with a GUARANTEE

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Actual Samples of plain Hemstitched, Inserted, Guaranteed Fadeless Cretonnes, Reps, Nets, Poplins, Satins, Stripes, Artificial Silks, Multi Stripes, etc.

CASEMENT MANUFACTURING CO. (Dept. J.B.34), THE LOOMS, MANCHESTER

THE GREATEST GAME ON THE FINEST 'HOME' BILLIARD TABLE

13/3 DOWN brings prompt delivery of the 6 ft. size Riley "Home" Billiard Table to rest on an ordinary dining table. You pay the balance by easy instalments. Cash Price £11 15s. 7 days' Free Trial allowed, and Rileys pay carriage and take all transit risks.

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23 Free Billiard Tables. Send for details and price list.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Asses Works, ACCRINGTON and Dept. 6, 147, Aldersgate St., LONDON, E.C.1

How to Stop Smoking

Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes; how much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—**The Stanley Institute (Dept. B.T.), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.**

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Use a Fullotone Mains Unit and run your Radio off the Mains 43/- a year cheaper. No alteration to your circuit. Improves reception out of all knowledge. Model D.C. 15 illustrated.

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Also A.C. Models from 42/- and Trickle Chargers. Safe, compact, economical, low cost. Obtainable only at Fullotone shops.

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Write, call or phone to-day.

FULLOTONE ELIMINATORS

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Phone: Gulliver 1167

Also at East Ham, Tottenham, Croydon, Lewisham, Manchester, Bolton, Birmingham

SEND NO MONEY.

Sent on Free Approval on receipt of a postcard.

The **"SOUTHERN ISLES" UKULELE BANJO.**

You can play this delightful instrument with very little practice with the aid of our Free Lightning Tutor. Brass Fretted Finger Board; sweet, mellow tone; solidly built; highly polished finish. **30/- VALUE for 11/9.** We will send you one of these "Southern Isles" real Ukulele Banjos upon receipt of your name and address. If entirely to your satisfaction you send 1/6 on receipt and 1/- fortnightly until 11/9 is paid. Full cash with order or balance within 7 days, **10/6** only.—**J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 49), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.**

FROM 5/11 Per Month DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT

THAT SHED You Need

For storing Tools, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections 5/8-in. planed, moulded, rebated weatherboards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Long	Wide	High	Cash	or 6 Payments	or 12
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There is no greater obstacle to social and business success than a nervous and shy disposition. Nervousness deprives you of the ability to develop your talents and make headway in the battle of life. If you are a victim of this distressing disorder; if you are nervous and shy; if you blush and stammer when spoken to; if you feel awkward and embarrassed in company, here is a real chance to conquer your weakness instead of letting it conquer you. A remarkably interesting booklet explaining how you can cure yourself privately at home, as I did, will be sent to any sufferer, without charge or obligation. Write at once in confidence to:—

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. J.B.32), 40, LAMBS CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

"They laughed at first—

but when I began to play—*a hush fell upon the room. I played the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal 'Moonlight Sonata.' My friends sat spellbound. When the last notes died away the excitement on their faces!*" "*Who was your teacher?*"

"*How do you get that* lovely singing tone?" So writes a student of MY POSTAL LESSONS for the PIANO, who started *without knowing a note.* The same delightful experience can positively be yours, even though you start at middle age! Or, if already a player, I'LL MAKE YOU PLAY BETTER beyond your dreams. Within a few weeks your playing and sight-reading shall make you welcome everywhere. Ordinary musical notation only used (no freakish methods). SEND p.c. for FREE Book and FREE advice — Say Advanced, Moderate or Beginner.

Mr. H. BECKER (Dept. 81), 115, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

SATISFACTION OR FREE GIFT of 1/-

Think of it. For one week only, simply to advertise our catalogue, we are offering a pair of **guaranteed hard wearing trousers** at practically cost price, viz.: 4/- per pair. **These are fine** grey with a neat stripe and made of practically unwearable material and we guarantee to replace should they fail to please. Send for a pair now, and if you are not completely satisfied with your bargain, we undertake not only to refund your money, but will give you 1/- as a recompense for your disappointment. Send to-day as this opportunity may not occur again. State size (28 in. to 40 in. waist) 42 in. to 46 in. 1/- extra. Stock sizes only.

4/-

Postage on 1 or 2 pairs 9d. or (C.O.D.)

HUTTALL, 1, Goodmayes, ILFORD.

IT IS SIMPLE TO SLIM SAFELY

WITHOUT MEDICINE OR EXERCISE IN A Beasley REDUCING BELT—SUPPORTER

This Belt slips on over the hips and instantly conforms to the outline of the figure. No fasteners, no straps, no lacing. An excellent general purpose belt for either sex. Ideal for reducing obesity. Ensures fitness and support. Made of stout woven Elastic Webbing, 4 suspenders fitted to women's model. Money refunded if unsuitable.

Send p.c. 6/11 now to

BEASLEY BELT DEPT. 208A 94, Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2

This belt also supplied in better qualities, described in our catalogue. Post free on request.

for men & women 6'11 9" or 11" depth

UNPUNCTURABLE TYRES 3/11

THOUSANDS SOLD AT 8/6

Punctures defied. A masterpiece of tyre construction. Made by a new Hydraulic Process—80 per cent. more mileage. **TRIAL PRICE 3/11.** Post 7d. Two for 8/3, post paid. State size.

Money back terms.

Send for FREE catalogue of Cycles and Accessories. 5/- in the £ saving.

Trade enquiries invited.

Guaranteed Two Years

MOORHOUSE'S, Dept. 89 PADIHAM, Lancs.

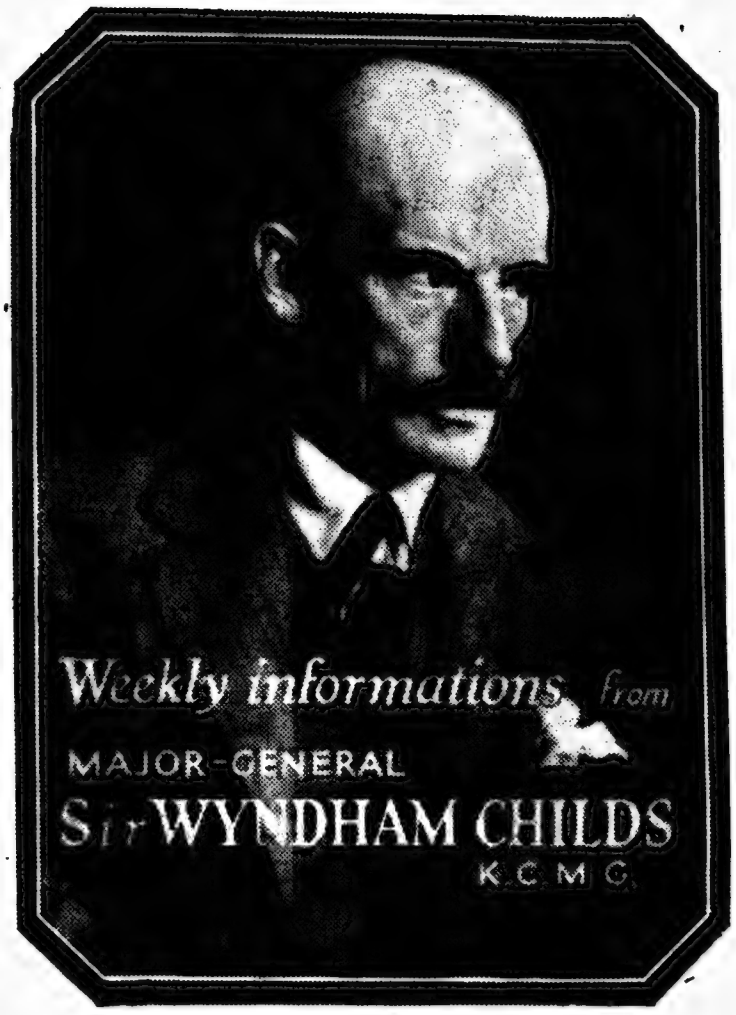
A Few Minutes' Work and You Save Pounds on Shoe Repairs!

The amount of money spent on repairs amounts to an appreciable item. Start to-day and repair your own leather or rubber soles. You need only a knife and a tube of RHINO Sole—the new plastic leather paste which can be applied to any sole in an hour or two, and hardens for use in any shape or thickness, and hardens for use in any shape or thickness. Absolutely waterproof. Mend your kiddies' shoes with it for economy's sake. British made, and guarantee of efficiency on every tube, which contains enough paste for dozens of patches or two substantial soles. Send a P.O. NOW for Tube. Ideal for crepe rubber and all sports shoes. Carriage and Packing 4d. extra.

1/6 Per Tube. 3 Tubes Post Free.

RHINO-SOLE (Dept. J.B.), WOODHEADS, 12, Petherton Rd., London, N.5.

Trade Enquiries to Sole Manufacturers, 17a, Finch St., E.C.



"One of the worst fee-snatching concerns which have come to my notice," says Sir Wyndham

UTOPIA by Post

IT is now getting on for two years since I commented unfavourably on the activities of the National Confectionery Industry of 7, Regent Street, London.

I took grave exception to its extravagant promises that those who undertook its course of instruction in making sweets at home would reap, without fail, "immense profits."

I have before me at the present moment a huge dossier of complaints from persons who not only have failed to make any profit whatever, but also protest that they wasted their guineas in a useless adventure.

I am not so much concerned at the moment with the course of instruction offered, which doubtless teaches people how to make sweets, as I am with the stock-form letters of the follow-up type which are sent to those who show signs of diffidence in undertaking the course.

As long ago as 1926 letters were being issued stating that "The Director has agreed to accept . . . low terms of payment."

Attractive bait

If this fly did not cause the fish to rise, a further letter followed, couched in the following language:

"I cannot imagine why I have not heard from you. . . . You will be very much pleased, I am sure, to learn that you have been awarded a 'special course' by our membership committee.

"This special Free Offer must be accepted within fourteen days at the most, as that is the final time-limit specified in our rules."

In 1927, the following letter was being issued:

"I have been expecting to hear from you every day since I wrote to you. . . . I do think it would be a shame if you failed to take advantage of your good fortune in having written to us just at the time when we are extending our membership and able to offer you a special appointment."

In June, 1928, I find the company writing as follows:

"I have good news for you! We have just had a new idea for a special offer which we are making to a limited number of men and women, and I have arranged to have you included in this offer. . . .

"This is a very special offer which we are making for the present only in just a few cases. Therefore, it is essential that I hear from you within the next fifteen days at the most."

In November, 1928, this is what was issued broadcast:

"I have been expecting to hear every day. . . . I thought it best to write you again. . . . I do think it would be a pity if you failed to take advantage of your good fortune in having written to us just at the time when we are extending our membership and able to offer you a special appointment."

In January, 1930, a suggestion of intimacy enters into the correspondence, which is labelled "Personal from the Governing Director."

More fancy wrappings

"Dear Friend," he begins, "THIS IS THE LAST LETTER I SHALL WRITE YOU, AND THE MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL. . . . I am doing so now because conditions have arisen which enable me to offer you a most unusual opportunity. . . . I must have your decision within ten days. . . . I want you to be one of the lucky few to whom we have made this exceptional offer."

In July, 1931, the writer is as fresh and exuberant as ever.

"This is the last letter I shall write you," he declares, "and *I am doing so now because certain conditions have arisen which enable me to offer you a most unusual opportunity.* . . .

"Visualise the delight you will have adding pounds to your income, and have the luxuries that make life worth living. . . .

"I must have your decision within ten days at the very latest, sooner if possible. . . . I want you to be one of the lucky few to whom we have made this exceptional offer."

Summed up, the methods of this firm are such as to cause persons to believe that they are being accorded special individual concessions.

I can assure my readers, however, that everybody gets the same treatment *if they don't rise to the first fly!*

I have just had a complaint from a reader who has been favoured in this year of grace 1931 with the *1926* and *1927* vintage of "follow-up" letters!

In other words, she has been told that she has been awarded a "special course" by "our Membership Committee," and that she is fortunate in having written to the National Confectionery Industry "just at the time when we are extending our membership and able to offer — a special appointment!"

The truth is that the National Confectionery Industry is one of the worst fee-snatching concerns it has been my misfortune to come across.

Reckless prophets

And they make the most reckless and extravagant predictions as to the profits to be earned by making confectionery at home, which they know perfectly well are just as deceptive as the methods they adopt to induce persons to sign contracts to undertake their courses.

* * *

It must be manifest to everybody that only in exceptional circumstances could a market be found for the sale of home-made sweets that would bring in a steady and satisfying return.

Finally, there is the question of competition. I do not pretend to know how the student sweetmaker can reasonably hope to turn out confectionery in competition with the factory-produced article.

HAULAGE CONTRACTOR'S DUAL DUPES

A WEST LONDON man recently answered an advertisement calling for an assistant in a haulage contractor's business in the New Kent Road.

He received a letter from a firm known as Williams and Co., and at a subsequent interview he made the acquaintance of the principal, Ernest William Williams.

The man was taken to view the firm's local depot, where one car was in evidence, and Williams spoke enthusiastically of the firm's prospects.

The business was a modest one, but sound, the contractor explained, and, with an energetic partner and a little extra capital, most satisfactory developments could confidently be expected.

The facts and figures given by Williams seemed perfectly assuring, so the West London man agreed to enter into partnership and to deposit £150.

He was told that certain negotiations were pending which might lead to big things, and that Williams would notify him immediately his attendance at the office was desired.

* * *

The investing partner waited eagerly for further instructions, but Williams kept putting him off.

It would be a mistake to rush matters when their prospects were so good, he was told, though when Williams announced his intention of taking a short holiday, the investor's suspicions were aroused.

Unfortunately, it was then too late to do anything, for Williams simply disappeared, and his disappointed partner was left to make a number of dismal discoveries.

In the first place, it transpired that Williams had merely rented a small contractor's yard on a temporary lease and possessed no *bona-fide* business whatever.

All his glowing stories and promising figures were fictitious.

The only vestige of truth in his assertions was the suggestion that "certain negotiations were pending." They were—with a vengeance.

Williams was, in fact, negotiating with another prospective partner, and while keeping his first dupe at bay with plausible excuses, he actually succeeded in persuading the second man to part with £150 as well.

So now these two deluded "partners" are searching for the missing contractor—and so are the police.

SEVERAL Tiles Loose

OLIVER TURNBULL, fee-snatcher, is again very active. When we last drew attention to his activities he was working from Conisborough, Yorkshire.

He was then offering a postal course in home tile-making for two guineas, though he was willing to take a guinea down and the balance after a pupil had actually sold some of his work.

Now he has moved nearer London. His present address is in Priory Road, Kew Gardens, Surrey.

Tile-making is a project of the past, but he is still harping on the "Home Business" note.

For "two pounds down" and 5 per cent. of your first year's profits he will put you in touch with a proposition whereby "an income of £500 can be easily earned on an aggregate application of about two hours daily." Whether this £500 is a weekly, monthly, annual or centennial income he does not specify.

In fact, there is much in his closely written, two-page circular letter that is delightfully vague—only the *two pounds down* and the 5 per cent. are definite.

A postscript in red typewriting under the rubber-stamp signature is hardly more illuminating than the letter itself.

"The business suggested," it says, "is that of intermediary between the proprietors or managing directors of business concerns, and the financial directors of such, either actual or prospective."

So now you know.

Those who keep their *two pounds* in their pockets will be £2 richer.

She needs the extra nourishment that BOURNVILLE COCOA gives

One ounce of Bournville Cocoa has an energy value of 141 calories—which far exceeds that of sugar, bread, beefsteak or eggs. Bournville Cocoa is good too, because it is rich in carbohydrates and proteins. Scientists say that of all vegetable foods, it offers the maximum of nourishment in the most concentrated form. That is why Bournville Cocoa is the chosen drink of athletes and arctic explorers, who require the utmost output of energy from every ounce of food.

Give your child this extra nourishment.

MADE BY CADBURY IN THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

6D per ¼lb. (½lb.-11D: 1lb.-1/9)

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For the Winter Evenings

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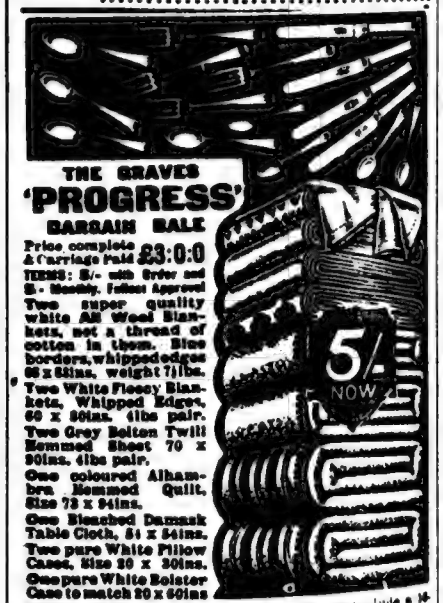

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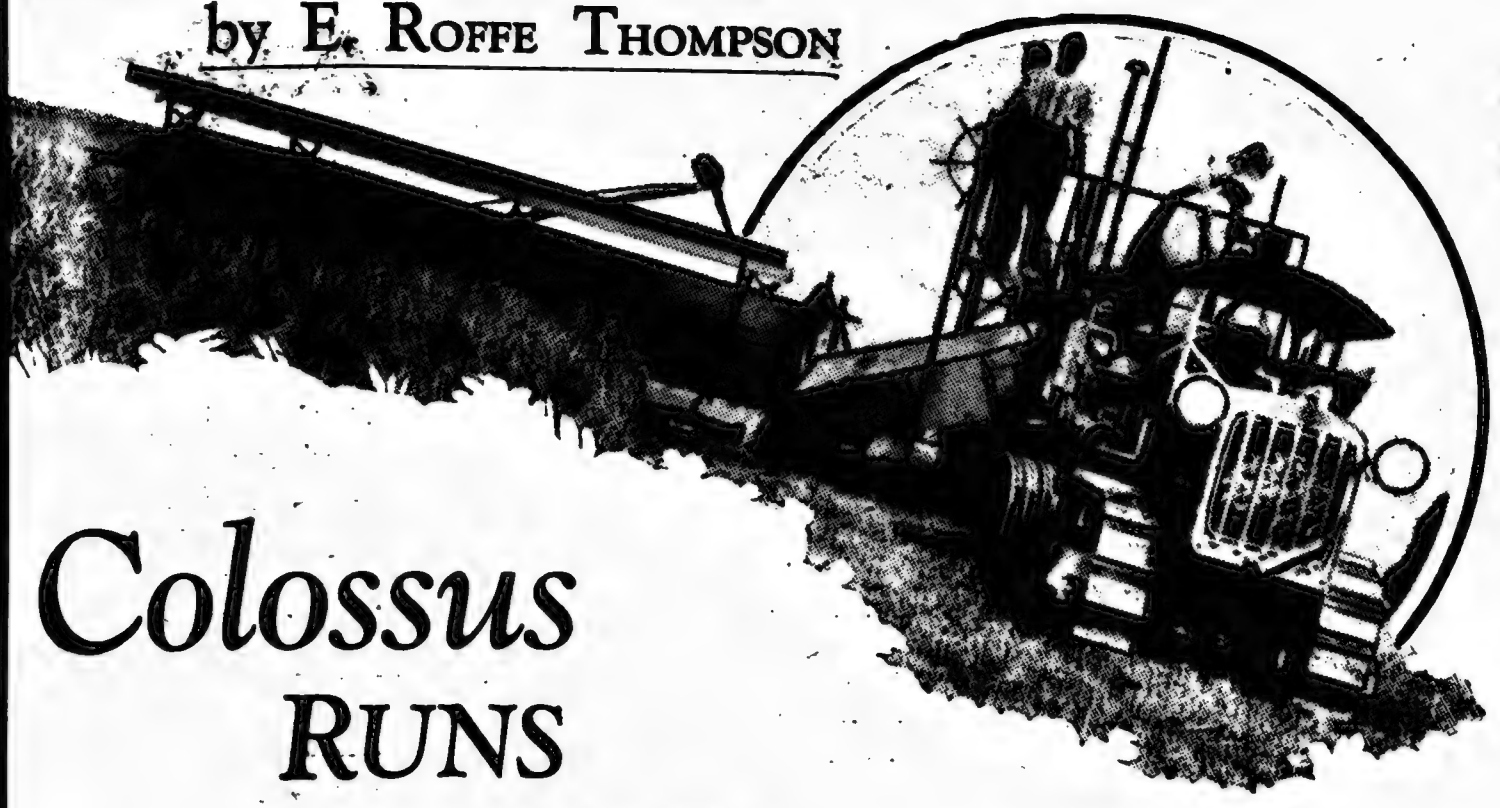

"The wonder of the machine grows every day" . . . and this combine-harvester has caterpillared into Irak to do the work of many men

Colossus RUNS AMOK

THESE are days in which no one can avoid thinking or talking about what the newspapers call the "crisis." And it is very important that we should all think and talk about it, for it is only by us all coming to some sort of common conclusion and deciding on some sort of common action that we shall be able to weather the storm and reorganise our country on a firm base.

It is going to need some real thinking before we are through, and it is time we faced up to some fundamental truths about which little or nothing has so far been said.

For the most obvious fact of the present situation is that the economic system on which the whole world has more or less successfully run its affairs for centuries has utterly broken down.

It is an unprecedented situation that has staggered hard-headed business men, accustomed all their lives to look on economic laws as inviolable as the Ten Commandments.

Mr. Churchill says we are suffering from "a surfeit of plenty"; but he is only describing an effect without even glimpsing the cause that has produced that effect.

Mr. Gandhi says that his avowed aim is to make his fellow-countrymen independent of machinery of all kinds, to turn them back to the days of hand work; but he, too, has failed to do more than Mr. Churchill. He can see the effect, but he cannot diagnose the cause.

Age of plenty

Yet I think the fundamental cause of the present world chaos is very simple. It is writ so large, like certain names on a map, that it cannot be seen for its very size.

The cause is that we are all to-day endeavouring to work a system and a set of economic laws that have always been based on the fact that there was never enough of anything.

Up to a few years ago mankind has always lived from hand to mouth, never more than a brief period away from starvation; and our system of economics has been built up on that assumption.

It has always been based on scarcity — *and to-day scarcity has ceased to exist.* There is no scarcity of anything. There is a positive welter of food, of raw materials, of the finished product.

And this is so because the world has suddenly jumped straight into an age of power production.

I want you to notice that I do not say "machine production." The machine is only an incident. It is the discovery of power, power in unlimited and illimitable supply, that has made a mockery of all our cherished theories.

"Something over three hours' work per head per day," says one authority, "is ample for the purpose of meeting the consumption of modern life under normal conditions and proper direction."

Leashed power

Another expert goes even further, and says that "two hours per week of the time of every fit adult between the ages of eighteen and forty-five would provide for a uniformly high standard of physical welfare under existing conditions."

Staggering as these statements are, they are more staggering still when it is remembered that the world's machinery is only working at most to about 80 per cent. of its capacity.

"If it had worked 'all out,'" said an expert recently, "the situation would be staggering to the point of overwhelming chaos, with goods stacked and rotting."

There is no lack of evidence. Consider these facts:

There are 5,500,000,000 bushels of unsold wheat in the world. If not a single ear had been harvested this year there was enough wheat to supply the world with bread for two years.

There are 6,000,000 tons of unsold sugar, nearly 30,000,000 surplus bags of coffee, 12,000,000 surplus bales of cotton, and thousands of tons of surplus rubber, tin and copper.

The stocks of tea held in this country alone are so colossal that to reduce tea stocks even to normal every man, woman and child in Great Britain would have to increase his or her consumption of tea by 2 lb. in the next twelve months.

It is clearly not Nature that has failed. Nature, urged on by science, has produced wealth to a degree hitherto undreamt of.

It is man who has failed utterly to realise the fact that, with the unleashing of power, the nightmare of scarcity has been banished from the world for ever.

And the wonder of the machine grows every day. At the last Royal Agricultural Show there was exhibited a five-ton monster harvester machine which, driven by one man, can tackle a standing crop of corn and deliver three bushels of grain every minute.

10,000 per cent. workers!

There is an American machine of the same type that performs all harvest operations for thirty-five acres in ten hours.

Mr. Arthur Kitson states that during the war 6,000,000 of this country's best workers were taken from industry and the land, and yet the output of goods rose 300 per cent.

Major Douglas says that the productive rate per man hour to-day is 10,000 per cent. greater than it was a century ago.

Mr. Davis, the United States Secretary of Labour, says that in the shoe industry in that country 14½ per cent. of the factories, if worked to their full capacity during the year, could produce 95 per cent. of all the boots and shoes required.

It can all be summed up by saying that so vast is the productive power of the machine that one horse-power will do the work that formerly needed the labour of ten strong men.

Yet we can do no better with all this gigantic outpouring of wealth, wealth produced with the greatest of ease, than to lock it up, waste it, burn it, plough it back into the ground or inanely allow it to lie and rot away.

It is no wonder that Mr. Upton Sinclair, looking at it all, remarked cynically: "We go to work to get the cash to buy the food to get the strength to go to work to get the cash to buy the food to get the strength to go to work . . . !"

There is more logic in a puppy chasing its own tail than in the present efforts of mankind to manage a system that has become completely unmanageable.

The truth is that we are no longer living in a state of economic law. The discovery and unleashing of power has thrown us into a state of economic anarchy.

We are no longer living in a set cycle of boom periods and periods of depression. We are living in an age of perennial plenty, plenty that will increase with every new discovery and invention.

Watch the safety-valve

And we shall not mend matters by waiting for things to right themselves. They won't right themselves.

We shall only mend matters by an international effort to establish economic government, economic co-operation and economic reconstruction, preceded by a jettisoning of all preconceived notions and ideas and a real willingness to meet a new situation in a new way.

For the only alternative to a willingness to use the machine is to be crushed by it.

The Human Machine

MENTAL ECONOMY

SINCE the whole world is talking about economy, let us too talk about it; for true economy of our mental and physical forces is even more important than in other spheres.

While it is true that our mental forces are unlimited, and probably illimitable, it is not true that they are so at any given moment.

At any moment we have at our command a certain amount of force—and no more. We can use it, or we can waste it.

It is wasting mental force when we grumble and grouse and try to dodge duty and responsibility. It is allowing mental energy to dissipate itself when we are gloomy and fearful and pessimistic. For we are putting out power and getting nothing for it in return.

Paradoxical though it may sound, the true economy of mental force is to use it; but to use it with set purpose, to direct it with precision, and to keep it focussed on a definite end until that end is achieved.

The object of all power is production, and the object of mental power is to produce thought and ideas, to build and construct. Unless we are producing with our brains we are not economising our mental force; we are wasting it.

The by-products of wasted mental energy are impatience and restlessness and resentment, moodiness and depression and loss of hope. The by-products of mental energy properly focussed and used are cheerfulness, courage, determination and optimism.

If we choose to waste the greatest power in the world we are not deserving of the name of men.

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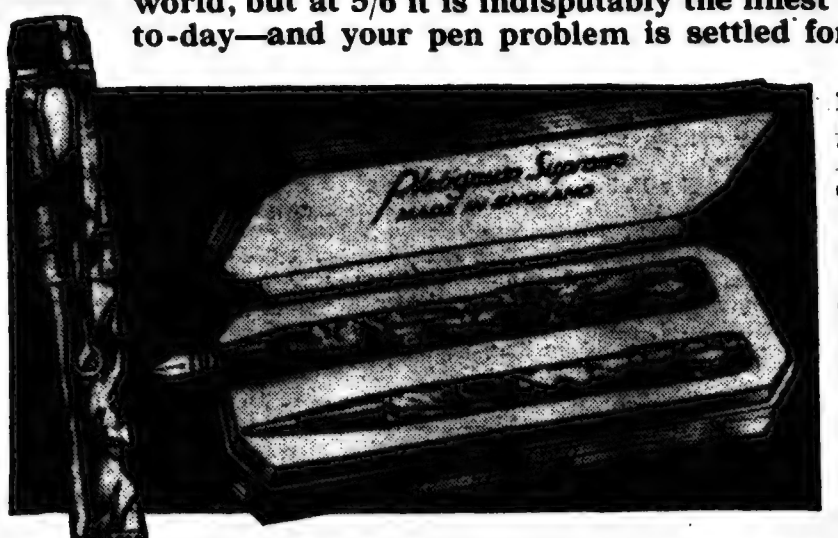

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Without Fear or Favour

THE HIGH-STREET *Racketeer*

. . . the licensed bag snatcher

THE nation has been told pretty plainly by its leaders that it is up against it, and amid the many dire and painful facts it is called upon to face is a future rise in the price of food and the necessities of life.

It may be that this rise is ordained by inexorable economic law and that nothing can be said or done to prevent it. But what *can* be controlled is the *extent* of this rise, and it is upon this point that we wish to address a few plain words to the Government.

For many years, before the present crisis overwhelmed the country, from the hour, in fact, that the end of the war ended price control, the profiteer has been rampant in the land.

Time and time again John Bull has drawn attention to the scandalous exploitation of the food markets by profiteers, to the shameless plundering of the people's pockets by the hosts of parasites who have been allowed to pursue their way unmolested by any form of control.

As far back as 1923 the Government of the day set up the Linlithgow Committee to enquire into the colossal abuses in the prices of food and necessities which were becoming obvious to every member of the public.

Keeps the law away from . . .

The Committee took two years to report. When it did, its statements were sweeping and condemnatory. It roundly described many of the tricks of the distributive trades as "illegal practices."

Passages such as the following occurred frequently in the report. "Taken as a whole, distributive costs are a far heavier burden than society will permanently consent to bear."

AGAIN: "In some trades there are now too many profit-making agencies engaged in the process of distribution. We have instanced unjustifiable distributive charges and we have recorded our view that individual traders and groups of traders *are still making higher profits than are warranted by the services they perform.* These profits should be reduced."

And what has been done from that day to this? Precisely nothing. The utmost successive Governments have done has been to sanction the continuance of a Food Council, as completely futile a body as the ingenious evasiveness of politicians could conceive.

During the years of its existence its efforts have been a complete farce. It has no adequate powers of enquiry, and those plunder trades which have not ignored it have laughed at its attempts to extract information or to exercise control over their manœuvres with the prices of the people's food and raiment.

Possibly the greatest authority on the public food supplies, Sir Charles Fielding, has estimated that on bread, meat and milk, the profits during the last few years have amounted to the colossal total of £175,000,000 per annum.

It is too much to hope that the "rings," the "combines," the hosts of middlemen who extract their cuts from the commodity between the producer and consumer for the price of a telephone message or a fifty-word letter, will amend their ways merely because of an appeal from the leaders of the country.

They always set pocket above patriotism. When during the war the necessity arose, as it arises now, to conserve our resources, it was imperative to adopt stern restrictive measures against the profiteers.

WE say that it is imperative now, before the inevitable price movements come which may confuse the issue and afford the profiteer ample cover and excuse to conceal his efforts.

That upward movement in basic commodities should not take place for many weeks, even for months. If it does there will be clear evidence that the profiteer is at work.

There should even be a reduction in many commodities —bread, for instance. There are still enormous surpluses of wheat. Its wholesale price has touched the lowest levels since the days of Queen Elizabeth, and the recent grudging concession of a halfpenny off the loaf is not enough.

Vegetables, fish and fruit afford the most glaring examples of conscienceless profit-plundering. In some of the commodities there are often eight or ten middlemen between the producer and the consumer. It is quite common for the wholesale price to increase 300 per cent. by the time the commodity reaches the retailer. Particular instances are potatoes, beans and fish.

But the truest guide as to the position lies in the comparative price index figures. The general wholesale figure is at the 1914 level. A week ago it was 5 per cent. below. The retail figures are still 47 per cent. above. There is thus a difference here of nearly 50 per cent.—far too high.

The difference shows convincingly that there has been exorbitant profit-taking in many trades. It demonstrates unassailably that the country has an enormous margin in which to work before retail prices go up.

In the past any substantial increase in wholesale prices has been immediately followed by a rise in the retail figures. Yet similar falls in the wholesale figure have not been passed on to the retail.

That procedure must stop, and now is the time to do it. We say to Messrs. MacDonald, Snowden and Baldwin that it is not enough to issue either appeals or stern warnings to profiteers from the Front Bench of the House of Commons or before the microphones of the B.B.C.

Action is required—immediate legislative action—either in the shape of the Emergency Powers Act or through the Consumers' Council Bill with its punitive clauses strengthened.

Mr. A. V. Alexander said last week that the Bill could be passed through both Houses in all its stages within twenty-four hours. Vested interests scuppered the Consumers' Council Bill weeks before the present crisis developed and the measures resorted to by its opponents are a clear indication of the necessity for the Bill.

It holds the record for obstruction and delay when before the Committee. At one time only four lines had been passed in four days. Clause 3 of the Bill, which allows the Council the power to demand their books from suspected profiteers, aroused the bitterest opposition.

The clause was defeated on a snap division and the Bill was held up.

Any attempts to limit the trading freedom of the individual or the creation of any form of espionage will meet with our determined resistance.

But on this point it is another matter. We are fighting a hidden enemy; the profiteer knows so well how to conceal his trail. All attempts in the past to obtain satisfactory information by voluntary appeals of the various Councils and Committees have failed.

Where there is an excessive rise of price in a commodity, the public have a right to know the reason. They must be armed with the right to submit the books of a suspected trader to expert scrutiny, the ability to trace a consignment of wheat from the prairie to the bakehouse, a shipment of beef from the pampas to the butcher.

Only then will the truth be displayed. And no honest man need fear the truth.

IT has been done before. During the war the Ministry of Munitions exercised this control over its suppliers, and Mr. Lloyd George has said that the mere threat of a possible examination of books by Ministry Inspectors had produced a lowering of prices, in some cases by 33⅓ per cent.

We demand that the Consumers' Council Bill in a strengthened form be reintroduced into the House of Commons for immediate sanction as a crisis measure. Once passed it will stay through whatever good times are in front of us. No Emergency Powers Act with its limited life would have the same abiding effect.

Thus we may still be grateful for these dark days through which we are passing, since they will have brought into being a long overdue safeguard—a bulwark between the public and the dishonest trader who has battened on them so long, invisible and unscathed.

The spurious passport gives the crooked alien as unchallenged an entry into the country as enjoyed by these tourists

Secrets of the Id

Sinis PASSP FACT

Mr. Vernon Gattie told of a device that saved a woman from being expelled from England

Chief Inspector Horwell leads the police attack on this growing menace

"Ten-minute husbands" recruited from the embankment— our photographer re-enacts the scene

TO the honest man a passport is a nuisance—a tiresome restriction that has to be suffered in the public interest.

To countless undesirable crooks a passport represents a powerful weapon to be used in defiance of law and order.

Hundreds of undesirable aliens, indeed, look upon the possession of a British passport as the key to certain success and, though it is not generally known, an amazing industry has developed for providing such rogues with forged documents of every description.

Bogus passports, forged identity books, false registrations, faked marriages, improperly used birth certificates all play their part in a cleverly planned invasion of foreign undesirables of both sexes, whose activities are viewed with great concern by Scotland Yard.

Mobilised brains

For some time now several distinguished detectives, including Chief Inspector Horwell, Detective-Inspector Warner, Detective-Inspector Worth, Detective-Inspector Brooks, Detective-Inspector Sharpe, Sergeants Minter and Ellis, have been engaged in investigating various phases of the growing menace.

Their task is far from easy, for the real offenders are men of French, Italian, Spanish and Swiss nationality, who are secretly engaged in an unsavoury but highly profitable traffic. Naturally, they do not trouble to register officially, and the difficulty is to single them out from the vast numbers of other aliens who are in the country for *bona-fide* purposes.

Information recently reached the authorities that a wealthy foreigner named Fredericko Lamone, who was moving constantly in fashionable circles in the West End of London, was secretly a member of a very notorious Continental gang of traffickers.

Special observation was therefore kept upon him and he was finally questioned very closely upon the object of his presence here.

Lamone readily produced a passport, issued in Belgium, which described him as a Swiss and gave his permanent address as Rue St. Paul, Antwerp. He also volunteered the information that he was a banker, watching certain international interests.

Not feeling satisfied, Scotland Yard continued to keep him under observation while further enquiries were made abroad. This action was soon justified, for it was found that Lamone was really a Roumanian subject with an unenviable police record in various parts of Europe.

The passport with which he had entered England was a masterly forgery—so cleverly faked, indeed, that the Immigration Officer at Dover can rightly be forgiven for not detecting it when he passed Lamone through. Actually, it was only after it had been subjected to minute scrutiny by an expert that its true character was revealed.

In another case a man named Isadir Dreasen was similarly kept under observation. He was found to be an alien enjoying the hospitality of this country without permission, and his passport, issued in Paris, was a fake.

One interesting fact revealed by expert scrutiny was that this document had been used by more than one person, different photographs having been substituted at some time or other and franked with a spurious stamp.

Forger "Count"

Last year one of Europe's greatest adventurers arrived here in the guise of a Count. He entered with a passport made out in the name of Amanda, and, although ostensibly engaged in genuine business, passed numerous worthless cheques and defrauded various leading hotels.

Several members of a famous university were among this man's victims, and when the police laid their hands upon him they found that his passport was just another of the countless forgeries now in existence.

These three typical cases could be multiplied again and again; and there is one instance on record where a man, now in an English jail, has on eight different occasions landed here with the aid of forged passports.

Paris, Marseilles and Milan are believed to be three important centres where these spurious passports are produced on an organised scale, but though many suspects have been taken into custody from time to time the exact location of the "factories" remains a secret.

It has been established, however, that these faked passports have often brought fancy prices, some having changed hands for as much as £50 or £100. Lesser crooks are provided with cheaper forgeries.

It is believed, too, that on a much smaller scale, passports and alien identity books are being turned out in England, and endless enquiries have been made in an endeavour to locate the offenders.

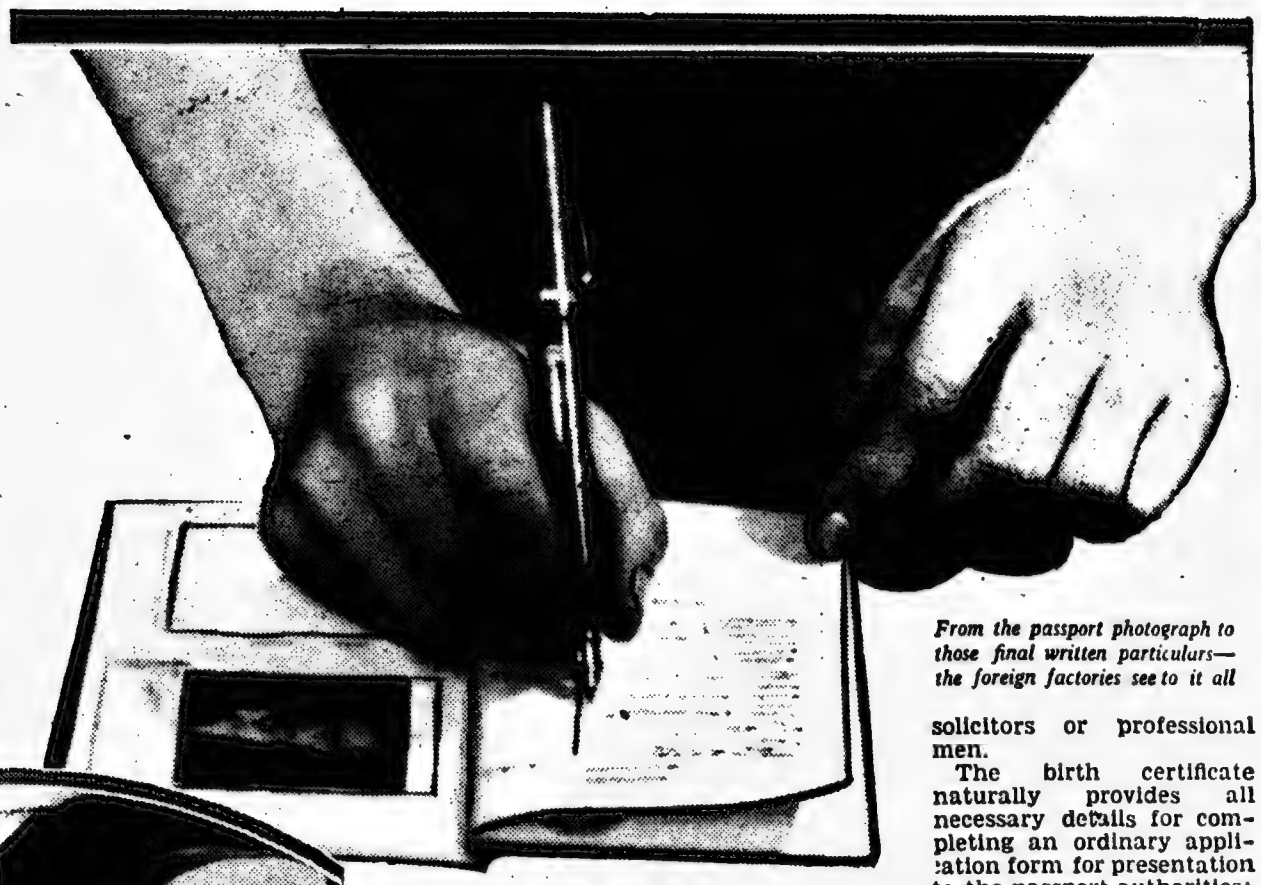
Though attention was at one time very keenly focused upon the Shoreditch district of the East End, we have more than a shrewd suspicion that the secret plant is now located much nearer the West End, and that there is a link between the alien passport scandal and the flood of bogus £1 notes lately distributed throughout the country.

More than that, for obvious reasons, we cannot at present reveal.

Bogus passports are, to a great extent, manufactured abroad to facilitate the entry into this country of aliens who have smuggled numerous beautiful women into

Identity Fakers

ister PORT TORY



From the passport photograph to those final written particulars—the foreign factories see to it all

London to follow a certain mode of life.

The women are carefully recruited from Venice, Milan, Brussels, Vienna and Paris, and are installed in luxury flats in the West End of London.

The story of one such woman—Cecile Larsonneur, who was brought here from France—will serve as an illustration. She came under the observation of Scotland Yard.

When Cecile Larsonneur was questioned as to her right to be here, she indignantly asserted in broken English that she was of British nationality, her real name being "Mrs. Marie Nash."

Her statement took a long time to check and even involved enquiries in Belgium. But eventually it was found that she had gone through a form of marriage with a man named Nash in Brussels about a year before, but that he had been already married and had merely gone through this second ceremony for a financial consideration. He had, in fact, left her immediately after obtaining his agreed fee.

Married again!

So Cecile Larsonneur was charged at Marlborough Street last month with offences under the Aliens Act and remanded for ten days.

During the interval startling information reached Scotland Yard that she was to be "married" again in order to avoid deportation.

And—as briefly reported in the Press following the resumed hearing—she was!

After Mr. Vernon Gattie, who prosecuted, had informed the magistrate that, being in danger of expulsion, the woman had married another Englishman while on remand, she escaped with a fine.

The authorities were powerless to do more, for there is no law to prevent such a marriage.

In one case, at Southend-on-Sea, police officers were actually in attendance at the "wedding," but were absolutely unable to intervene!

Behind the scenes in some of these marriages is a man of mystery, in whose affairs the authorities have had more than a passing interest for some considerable time.

He is believed to be a leading light among the traffickers, but he is scrupulously careful in covering up his tracks.

Everything points, though, to his having been behind more than forty of these "marriages of convenience," and he is also suspected of having financed the divorces of men who, once they have obliged an alien woman with the required change of nationality, wish to be free.

Some of this agent's accommodating "husbands" have been picked up from the Embankment, rushed to a tailor to be provided with suitable attire, married, rewarded for their "services" and dismissed to go their own way again—all within the space of a few hours.

The profits from this nefarious traffic are big, and those engaged in it spend money like water in furthering their ends. As much as £300 may be spent in bringing one woman from the Continent and establishing her in London.

As part of their sinister organisation the traffickers are in touch with half a dozen shady solicitors and about a score of bogus estate agencies for providing flats for women who would never be able to obtain them through reputable agencies.

Luxury adventuress

The rogues are soon reimbursed for their initial outlay, for their unfortunate women "pawns" are charged from £10 to £15 a week in rent alone, and have, in addition, to make substantial allowances to the rogues who bring them over to London.

One of the leading estate agents in this sordid business is at present consorting in luxury with a notorious adventuress who only recently emerged from jail; two others are ex-convicts—one actually having been in jail for contracting a marriage that had the dual distinction of being bogus and bigamous.

The affairs of at least two of the solicitors involved are already receiving the attention of the Law Society.

There is another side of the passport conspiracy that is equally sinister, though not quite so widely favoured.

It consists of an ingenious subterfuge for obtaining a genuine passport for an alien or an undesirable Englishman who would ordinarily be denied one.

As a first step the crooks watch out for a British subject in poor circumstances who may reasonably be supposed to be unlikely ever to require or desire a passport.

Stolen identity

If the man selected bears some resemblance in build and colouring to the rogue for whom the passport is wanted, so much the better; but this is not essential.

The next step is to go to Somerset House and purchase a copy of the Britisher's birth certificate. Once this has been obtained by payment of the usual fee, the rogue assumes this man's identity and applies to the authorities for a passport through one of the shady solicitors or professional men.

The birth certificate naturally provides all necessary details for completing an ordinary application form for presentation to the passport authorities; the shady solicitor vouches for the applicant and puts forward the crook's photographs with his own personal assurance that everything is in order.

The difficulties with which the authorities have to contend are enhanced by the fact that most of the rogues responsible for these widespread conspiracies conduct genuine businesses as a blind.

Some are thus abusing honoured professions as "shippers," "agents," "caterers," or even as "artists."

One of the worst in London at the present moment is a "costumier" with premises in the neighbourhood of the West End, while another, well known to Scotland Yard as a financier of long firm frauds, is secretly engaged in the white slave traffic.

To find a solution of the passport problem is far from easy, for with a few exceptions most of the bogus documents are the work of Continental forgers.

Stiffen the tests

But a great blow could be dealt at the rogues operating here if steps were taken to end the bogus marriage scandal. This could be achieved quite simply and effectively, we think, if legislation were introduced empowering the authorities to call for fuller personal particulars in advance when an alien woman is being married to an Englishman.

These particulars should then be open to scrutiny by the police attached to the nearest Aliens Registration office to confirm whether the woman is in the country with authority or not.

Additional facilities are also required for dealing with aliens in this country who are already under suspicion. They should be compelled to render regular returns showing their income, profession, all business addresses and details of all the alleged firms on the Continent with which they are supposed to be associated.

Finally, if the police desire a tip we can direct their attention to at least a dozen palatial establishments in the neighbourhood of Holborn, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly, Bayswater and Marylebone where a little observation would soon yield information of a startling character.

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"Before I could see what was coming, she stood on tiptoe and kissed my cheek . . . I flinched"

All unknowing, Dickenson pronounced a death sentence at his story's end when he said; "But I'm not the man who will have to confront her if there is ever a Day of Judgment."

White

THE two men who had not seen each other for months met unexpectedly in the London Strand on a sparkling autumn morning. Croombe was looking far from well, and Dickenson remarked on it.

"Yes," said Croombe with a wry smile; "I never had an illness in my life before, but I'm a patient now. Nerves and depression—the curse of the age. I go and see a specialist every other day."

"Then I'll take you to see another. Come and dine with me at my club to-night. Mac makes a cocktail that would raise Queen Anne from the dead. I'll take you out of yourself for one evening at least."

So they dined that evening at Dickenson's club, and before they sat down Mac's "special" had worked wonders as a temporary remedy.

CROOMBE was almost cheerful by the time a waiter, treading silently on a discreetly thick carpet, brought the *hors-d'œuvres* to their corner table.

Dickenson ordered champagne because it is one of those wines which make glad the heart of man.

"What really is the matter with you, old chap?" he asked Croombe, when they were alone at their table. "I mean, what are the symptoms?"

"It's difficult to say exactly," Croombe replied. "Just depression without any particular cause. It seems that in middle life I've developed something dangerously like a conscience.

"I can't keep my mind off the rotten things I've done in the past. I'm haunted by them. I don't mean that I've committed murder, or robbed anybody, or stolen another man's wife—but there are other things, you know."

"I understand quite well," said Dickenson soothingly. "I get that myself, but I try not to grow morbid about it.

"The funny thing is that it's the little things one did which come back and hurt most—the small brutalities of life—the smaller boy you hit at school, the dog you whacked when he didn't deserve it and you couldn't afterwards tell him that you'd made a mistake.

"If I'd robbed a bank I should be branded for life, but nobody could brand me for the rottenest thing I ever did. Indeed, the highly virtuous would pat me on the back.

"IT happened a long while ago, but it still comes back and hits me. If I let myself get morbid about it I should soon get into your state of nerves."

"What was it?" asked Croombe, "or don't you care to tell anybody?"

"I'll tell you after the soup," Dickenson laughed. "You can't expect a man to tell a pathetic story while he's taking soup."

Champagne was in two goblets, and another bottle swimming in an ice-pail before Dickenson began.

"It was a good few years ago. I was twenty-three at the time. I don't pretend to have been virtuous by any means, but I had a holy horror of a certain type of woman—the sort that roams the West End at night and is sometimes charged at the police-courts with 'annoying men.'

"It was fundamental with me. I just shrank from them and was in some sort of way afraid of them, as I still am of toads. It is a pretty beastly confession when Some One a good deal better than the rest of us did not spurn Mary Magdalene from Him.

"It happened in this way. I had a friend named Francis, and we agreed to have an evening out together. We were both little more than boys. We went 'Up West,' as we used to say. We didn't know whether we were going to a show or not.

"We just dithered up Shaftesbury Avenue and went in for a drink whenever we felt we wanted one. It was an evening out with a little money to spend.

"The trouble was that Francis liked talking to the ladies who haunt that neighbourhood—it was only talking—and I didn't. Suddenly he was chatting to a pair of them, and I was standing aloof, feeling angry with him and rather a fool.

"Presently he turned to me and said that 'we' were going into a neighbouring gin-palace to have a drink and a sandwich. What could I do but go, too?

"We went downstairs into a glittering bar and took a table. Drinks and sandwiches were brought.

"In the glaring lights of the place I found myself face to face with a pretty, little, dark girl, and since Francis was chattering away merrily with the other, a large, fair young woman, common politeness made it necessary for me to talk to, and try to entertain, the one with whom I had been left.

"Well, there was just a suggestion about a flat in Bloomsbury which they shared, but Francis and I both made it clear that we intended returning to our own virtuous homes.

"THEY did not seem to mind. They were getting drinks and sandwiches for nothing, you see.

"I was pretty shy, I suppose, with the girl I was compelled to talk to, until I suddenly discovered that she was 'ladylike.' I hate that beastly word, but what other word is there?

"She would have passed muster in the kind of society in which I moved,

SOME WORDS OF WISDOM TO CROSSWORDERS BY THE MAN WHO—

TO Mr. E. B. Pountney, of 123, Arden Road, Aston, Birmingham, belongs the distinction of having sent in the only all-correct solution in the first crossword competition offering a life pension—JOHN BULL's contest No. 131.

Confronted by the pleasant task of deciding whether he should receive £2 a week or £1,000 in cash, he has chosen the lump sum.

"As I am in my fifty-second year," he told the representative of JOHN BULL, "the cash will probably prove the better investment. My son Edward is twenty-one and little Cecilia is still at school; the money will be most useful in providing a career for the one and an education for the other."

The prize may be regarded as some compensation for a wretched summer, for the square was completed during a wet holiday week.

* * *

The good news proved to be a pleasant surprise for the family on their return home, especially as this is their first win of any consequence.

Mr. Pountney can hardly be described as a competition "fan," for although he is keenly attracted to the squares, his interest in crosswords is chiefly intellectual.

He has never steeped himself in the atmosphere of competitions, and he completes his coupons in the hope of finding amongst the clues some knotty point which calls for study and concentration. In this he is seldom disappointed by the JOHN BULL contest.

"I am an old reader of your paper," he said, "which I have taken regularly for many years."

Mr. Pountney is an organist and choirmaster, and it is very evident that his heart is in his profession. His enthusiasm for music is shared by his son Edward, who has a bass voice of fine power and quality, and his daughter Cecilia, who at the age of ten is already a capable little pianist.

* * *

Their father is a man of many interests, and everything he undertakes is carried out with equal thoroughness. He has brought to crosswords the careful analysis and attention to detail which he gives both to his work and his hobbies.

Mr. Pountney, who has confined his crossword efforts mainly to the JOHN BULL puzzle, offers some sage advice to fellow competitors.

"Don't be too subtle," is the keynote of his counsel. "The compiler of this competition does not rely on 'catch' solutions, but rather on a simple, straight-forward correspondence between clue and answer.

"It is true that the search for the right word may at times involve a little trouble and consideration, but

CLAUDE SMEDLEY'S True Story

YORKSHIRE *Rose*

the society of decently educated, middle-class people, the families of doctors, lawyers and so forth.

"And like a little lady with a shy boy, I presently realised that she was trying to put me at my ease, to make me talk about myself. There was no bad language, no nasty stories, none of the verbal stock-in-trade of that sad sisterhood.

"We might have been a couple of young people eating ices at the same table and discussing the new curate at the vicarage garden-party.

"Well, suddenly I realised that she was only a child. How old would she have been? Nineteen? Hardly a day more. I realised, although I could not without repulsion have touched hands with her then—little Pharisee that I was—that she was a girl with whom I might have fallen in love.

"Why hadn't I met her before—probably less than a year ago—some crash had come into her life? Some hound of a man, of course!

"In that glittering, noisy bar, crowded with pretty bad specimens of humanity, I could imagine us two blackberrying on a windy common, holding scratched hands, kissing with fruit-stained lips, and going home with a full basket to a nice drawing-room tea before an open hearth.

"IT'S strange what healthy thoughts can blow into a man's head in a foul den like that, but they blew into mine.

"Only, you see, she was not to me like an ordinary human being. She was like a dead body able to talk, and I shrank from her as one shrinks from dead bodies, even if one has loved the souls which once inhabited them.

"We talked about all sorts of commonplace things, including cricket. She was interested in cricket. Imagine it!

"And when I told her my name she knew it, and told me the club I played for.

"I was not a county man, but I played for a good London club. Her brother, she said, was a good cricketer, and had been tried for Yorkshire."

"Yorkshire!" exclaimed Croombe.

"Yes. Your county, old thing. I didn't ask her history. It would have been an impertinence in any case, and nearly all of them tell you the same story. They all say that they're the daughters of West Country clergymen. Why they choose the West Country I can't say, unless they think it's romantic.

"BUT this girl said she came from Yorkshire, and that was rather original of her. She told me her name, too, or rather she said it was her name—I don't suppose it was—Rose Tabardy."

"Rose Tabardy!"

Dickenson was so engrossed in his own story that he did not notice that his guest had clutched at the tablecloth and was dragging it in his own direction.

"Yes," he said equably, "why?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing. But I know the name. The Tabardys were a fairly well-known family in the East Riding when I was a youngster. Go on."

"Well, it's not much of a story, as I warned you. It's only about the rotten little thing I did which haunts me now worse than the memory of a wholesome murder would haunt me.

"She said to me bitterly—and it was the only time she spoke bitterly—'Yes, I'm a white Yorkshire Rose.'

"God help the man who took the bloom off that rose, and God forgive me for having crushed one of its petals with my clumsy fist."

"Go on, man, go on!" exclaimed Croombe excitedly.

Beads of perspiration bedewed his forehead, and he drank what remained of his champagne as if it were nasty medicine which were best swallowed hastily.

"Oh, we went on talking, you know. More drinks and more sandwiches. And I went on thinking of the might-have-been and the wind-swept common and the blackberries of a year ago.

"If I, who shrank from her now and yet pitied her so much, could only have met her then!

"We might have been happy together that evening, or some dirty scoundrel would have known by the feel of his throat that I'd a pretty strong grip.

"We were in this brightly-lit, smoke-ridden den for about two hours, I should think, before Francis thought it was time to go.

"I was not under Francis's thumb but I had been staying there to oblige him, and I was glad to go when he showed the inclination. I was utterly unhappy.

"All the sordid miseries of life besieged my mind like storm troops around the fort. For I knew, with that sixth sense which most of us possess, that Rose Tabardy liked me 'for myself alone'—as I believe they still write in certain classes of fiction. Oh, for the last year which couldn't be recalled!

"Well, we went out, and stood outside on the pavement, saying good-night. Francis was still chatting away volubly with the big, fair girl. I had in politeness to remain and talk to Rose until the conversation was over.

"Then it occurred to me—heaven help all poor sinners—that I had wasted two hours of Rose's valuable time. So I gave her a pound. I hated doing it, and she hated taking it.

"Then she gave me a sudden, childish smile, and before I could see what was coming she had stood on tiptoe and kissed me on the cheek.

"That great gentleman, Robert Louis Stevenson, took a puff of a leper's cigarette rather than offend him. If I had been a cad worth kicking I should have smiled and kissed her in return. But I flinched—and she saw me.

"I remember that when I was a child and piped an eye the tears just used to run down my cheeks. *Her* tears splashed all over my face, and she turned away, sobbing terribly.

"THEN: 'There!' she said, between deep breaths, 'I only just kissed you, did I?' And that's the end of the story, Croombe."

"The end!" Croombe was breathing stertorously. "How can it be the end? What became of her?"

"How should I know? I suppose she went the way of all the others. The gas-stove is more popular than the river nowadays, I understand."

Croombe half rose and raised his voice. Members dining at other tables shot an enquiring glance in his direction.

"And do you think," he demanded, "that that's a fit story to tell to a man in my condition?"

"My dear fellow," said Dickenson soothingly, "that's why I told it you. It shows how we magnify little things. I've done some rotten things in my time, like you and the rest of us, but what haunts me most is the memory of having hurt that poor girl's feelings.

"Don't let's be morbid about the little things of life. Think of the big ones. I'm worrying about her when I wake in the night and have nothing else to think about. But I'm not the man who will have to confront her if there is ever a Day of Judgment."

On the following evening Dickenson was horrified to read in the papers of Croombe's suicide.

He did not guess until long afterwards that another Judas had gone forth and hanged himself on an halter.

Next Week:

"A Derelict Salved"

by Frank H. Shaw

FOUND FORTUNE in a WET WEEK

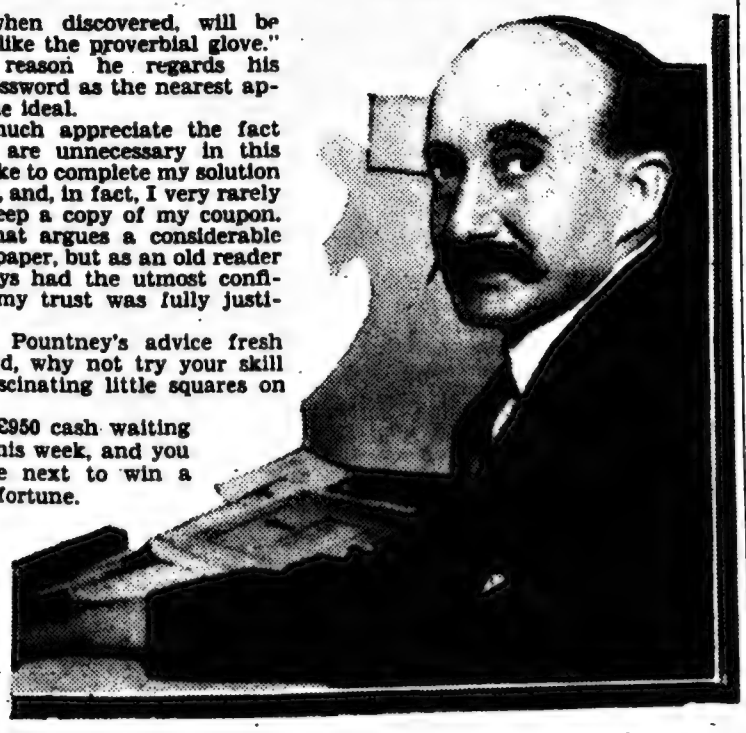
the term, when discovered, will be found to fit like the proverbial glove."

For this reason he regards his favourite crossword as the nearest approach to the ideal.

"I very much appreciate the fact that claims are unnecessary in this contest. I like to complete my solution and forget it, and, in fact, I very rarely trouble to keep a copy of my coupon. I suppose that argues a considerable faith in the paper, but as an old reader I have always had the utmost confidence that my trust was fully justified."

With Mr. Pountney's advice fresh in your mind, why not try your skill with the fascinating little squares on page 32?

There is £950 cash waiting to be won this week, and you may be the next to win a Cross-word fortune.



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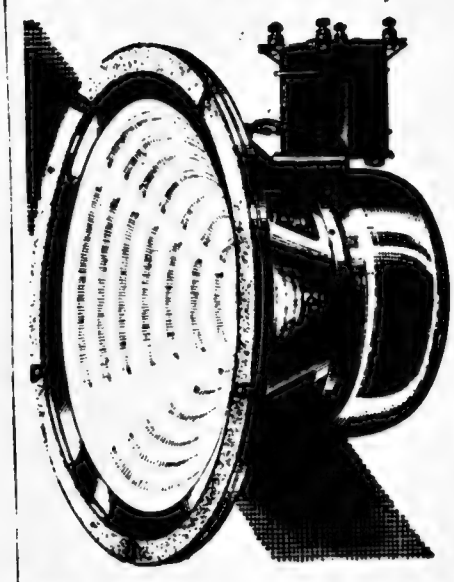

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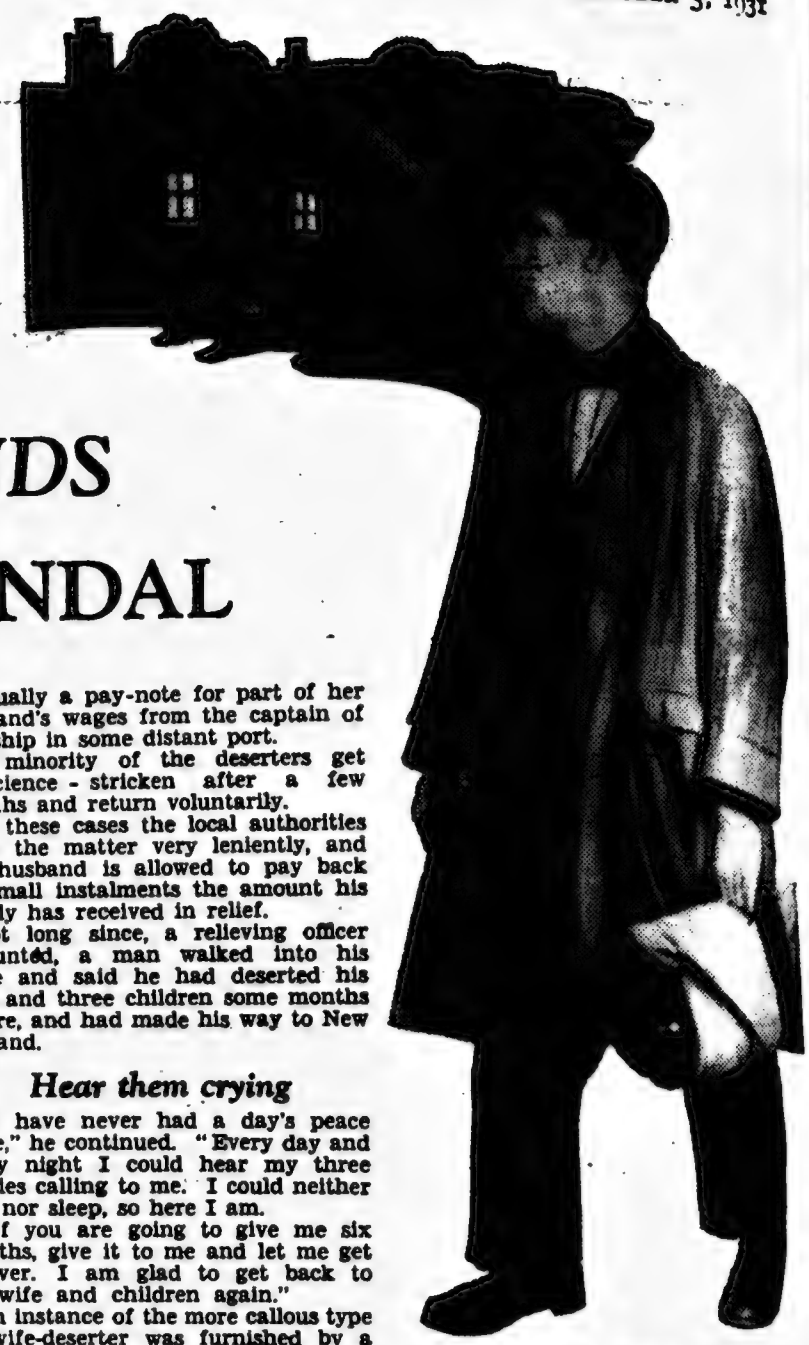
AN ARMY OF DOMESTIC DESERTERS

RUNAWAY HUSBANDS SCANDAL



"One day he walks off, leaving his responsibilities behind him"

ON an average five married men a day walk out of their homes in South Wales and disappear. In most cases they are never heard of again; some are traced and brought back by the local authorities, and a few—a very few—eventually return of their own accord.

Relieving-officers and social workers are convinced that wife-desertion is steadily increasing in South Wales, particularly in the industrial areas, and the maintenance of the deserters' dependants is becoming a serious problem.

Last year, in Glamorganshire alone, more than 1,300 cases came before the Public Assistance Committees, and about 3,500 women and children were thrown upon the public funds.

The City of Cardiff spent £12,000 in maintaining these stranded women and children, Newport about £2,000, and Swansea and Merthyr Tydfil more than £7,000 each.

Law's paralysed arm

In addition, the Glamorgan County authorities spent another £20,000, and Monmouth a proportionately large amount.

These figures do not include the additional relief furnished to children through free meals at the schools and supplies of boots and clothing.

Neither do they include the amounts furnished by the various charities, and the free medical attendance at the public hospitals and clinics.

Some 800 warrants for the arrest of wife-deserters were issued last year at the instigation of the Glamorgan County authorities, and more than 400 at the instigation of the three boroughs.

In about half the cases the warrants have never been executed, and these callous husbands and fathers are still at large, not caring whether their dependants live or die.

Even when the warrants are executed, the problem is far from solved.

The usual procedure in these cases is to secure a maintenance order against the man, but very often this only results in his paying for a few weeks and then bolting again.

There are several hundreds of cases where these deserters owe, on maintenance orders, amounts varying from £100 to £1,000, to say nothing of the legal expenses involved in tracing them, bringing them back and securing the order against them.

Pier-head jump

The figures given do not, for the most part, include the temporary desertions due to the quest for employment. Cardiff and Swansea, particularly, have many cases of this type, but the men involved are not usually classed as deserters.

It is not uncommon for a woman to seek and obtain relief, only to find at the end of a few weeks that her husband has taken a "pier-head jump"—signed on at the last moment on a ship that was sailing short-handed.

Her first intimation in these cases is usually a pay-note for part of her husband's wages from the captain of the ship in some distant port.

A minority of the deserters get conscience - stricken after a few months and return voluntarily.

In these cases the local authorities treat the matter very leniently, and the husband is allowed to pay back by small instalments the amount his family has received in relief.

Not long since, a relieving officer recounted, a man walked into his office and said he had deserted his wife and three children some months before, and had made his way to New Zealand.

Hear them crying

"I have never had a day's peace since," he continued. "Every day and every night I could hear my three kiddies calling to me. I could neither rest nor sleep, so here I am.

"If you are going to give me six months, give it to me and let me get it over. I am glad to get back to my wife and children again."

An instance of the more callous type of wife-deserter was furnished by a case recently before a South Wales court. The man had deserted his wife and children, and gone to live in an English town with another woman.

Eventually traced and ordered to attend the court on a summons for failing to comply with a wife-maintenance order, he arrived in a private motor-car.

He pleaded inability to pay, but the court had ascertained in the meantime that the motor-car was the property of the woman he was living with in England. He went to prison.

Many opinions are advanced by social workers and public assistance officers for the increase in wife-desertion in South Wales, but the majority agree that the prevailing unemployment and the restlessness of the post-war generation are the root-causes.

Restless

Unemployment and the pinch of poverty cause disagreement in the home, friction develops, and one day the man walks off, leaving his responsibilities behind him. If there are children the wife is immediately forced to seek public relief.

Even if the marriage has been childless, the present state of the employment market is such that a woman who has been away from her occupation for some time finds it practically impossible to get a job.

The restlessness of the post-war generation tends to make men chafe under the responsibility of supporting a family, and this spirit often finds a ready echo in the wife, who quickly tires of trying to make a home out of very little.

She, too, misses the independence she enjoyed when she was single and supporting herself, and her discontent results in neglect of such home as they have managed to scrape together. In the end the husband deserts.

Comparatively few of the desertions are due originally to entanglements with other members of the opposite sex, but in many cases where the husband is forced to go to another town in search of employment such entanglements develop.

The public assistance committees find numerous instances where a man sends money to his wife for several months and then suddenly stops communicating with her.

Almost invariably investigation shows that he has found other interests, and has no intention of returning to his family.

Collusion desertions are very common, but usually they are only temporary. They are due, almost entirely, to unemployment.

Unable to find work, the husband arranges with his wife to "desert" her. He gets a ship abroad, and after a couple of weeks the wife makes application for relief as a deserted wife.

When the husband gets a job, it is invariably found, he sends for his wife and family, and generally pays back the amount she has obtained.

Whatever the causes, the fact remains that wife-desertion is becoming a serious problem in South Wales, and one that is giving grave concern to the public assistance authorities and to all welfare and social workers.

Bad for everybody

Not only is it a difficult financial burden on an already over-burdened community, but it is bound to have serious social consequences.

Such disregard for family responsibility cannot be long tolerated without breaking down the general morale. It is bad for the children, bad for the wife, bad for the husband who is allowed to go scot free and bad for the community.

A tightening-up of the laws regarding wife-desertion is urgently needed.

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If you are in doubt, ask any J.C.Q.O. Optician, or write to the

REGISTRAR,

Joint Council of Qualified Opticians

CLIFFORD'S INN HALL, FLEET STREET, E.C.4.

Telephone : Holborn 0921.

The MISER Next Door

Not the fantastic figure of melodrama, he—but an ordinary-seeming citizen. And maybe he lives next door to you

IN a quiet road of once fashionable South London residences, there is a house as strange as any depicted by the novelist's pen.

Its lofty windows are shuttered; iron spikes bristle from the sills. Corrugated iron, 10 ft. high, surmounted by a screen of barbed wire, encloses the garden.

The lawn is weed-ridden and the bushes in front of the house are threaded with barbed wire.

Twice a week the baker calls; on Saturday the grocer's boy brings tea and condensed milk. But they never see the aged recluse who lives within.

They leave their goods on the doorstep, and receive payment in an envelope pushed through the letter-box after the flap has been raised and they have been carefully inspected.

Only once in living memory has the old man been seen. A short time ago some adventurous youths penetrated the barbed wire defences, and one of them climbed up a drainpipe.

The glint of coins . . .

Espying a chink in the shutter of a first-floor window, he peered through the grimy pane into a candle-lit room. The old man, filthy and tattered, was seated at a table methodically arranging a heap of silver into separate piles. A heavy, wooden club lay at his elbow.

His secret, long suspected, was laid bare. He is a miser—a member of what is surely the most curious and most barbarous section of the community.

Its numbers, though fortunately small, are larger than many people imagine.

For usually the miser succeeds in disguising his wealth, hoodwinking his neighbours and often exciting their compassionate charity, until at last his career as a cheat and a humbug is ended by death and his miserable secret is revealed.

Twice in recent weeks have such discoveries been made by Poor Law officials.

The relieving officer of South Shields, searching the squalid room of a recluse named Richardson, discovered a hoard of £3,500.

Then a Lewisham charwoman who had lived and died in abject poverty was found to have stored away over £600.

Treasure in a broken box

These are typical examples of the hoards amassed by poor people who forgo every possible luxury and even stint themselves of the necessities of life.

Most misers, the records prove, are not fabulously rich, though there have been notable exceptions.

One case which attracted widespread attention a few years ago centred upon an imposing mansion overlooking Hyde Park, London. Falling into disrepair, it was a disgrace to its lordly neighbours.

One day, as the rates were long overdue, formal notice of distraint was posted on the front door, to the amazement of passers-by and the annoyance of the distinguished residents of the street.

Yet it was known that the mansion was a treasure-house of works of art and luxurious furnishings. Its owner was a rich woman, a recluse who possessed other highly valuable property in the West End of London.

Two years ago Leeds provided another remarkable instance. The only private residence in an important business thoroughfare was a monument of dilapidation and decay.

Its aged owner was a familiar figure in the street, and as he shuffled by in his ancient clothes and broken boots, with an old cloth cap pulled down over his eyes, he was often pitied as a man bravely defying poverty.

It was known that he had practised as a doctor among the poor, but of late years had lived in retirement, existing wretchedly on oaten cakes and mineral waters, with only his dogs and cats for company. No one except his charwoman ever entered his door.

But when he died his heirs found themselves the unexpected inheritors of a fortune of £70,000.

£100,000 pauper!

Months later, when searching the rubbish stored in an attic, they came across Government bonds worth more than £20,000; then, hidden away in a sideboard, bearer bonds valued at a further £10,000.

"Poverty-stricken" Dr. Foster had been worth £100,000.

Lord Clanricarde, whose millions passed to his nephew, the present Lord Harewood, was another exception to the rule.

So was Madame Duverger, who lived in a house as inviolable as a fortress, and every day took a bath in a mixture of jewels and gold.

What is it that induces people to forgo comfort and amusement, to stint and starve in order to hoard money they will never use?

"Because," says a well-known psychologist, "they are obsessed by the fear of want.

"Just as we all bear bodily traces of our descent from the pre-historic men—such useless organs, for instance, as the appendix and the lobe of the ear—so the miser has in his sub-conscious mind a link with the early days of mankind.

"It is the atavistic dread, as we call it, of hunger and thirst."

Though the miser saves enough to give him a reasonable measure of security, he continues to save because he has come to love money for its power.

He never exercises that power, being content with the shadow instead of the substance.

Legion of fear

If he is tortured by fear of robbery or, as to-day, by the possibility of a fall in the value of money, and the fact that on his death his hoard will pass into other hands, the miser hugs to himself a warped sense of happiness by deceiving the world.

Above all, he finds satisfaction in the mere handling of money.

Because of this, and because he is fearful of entrusting his wealth to the care of others, he often keeps it in actual coin or banknotes instead of investing it and so earning interest.

He is thus a public enemy, since our prosperity depends on the free circulation of money.

But sometimes his greed kills him. A few weeks ago the skeleton of a French miser was found crouched over a table laden with gold. Absorbed in gloating on his hoard, he had rested his arm too near the lighted candle.

John Smith, miser

A little earlier an ex-deputy of the French Parliament was found gassed in a Paris garret. The gas-tubing fifteen years old had worn into tiny holes.

It was thought that the dead man had been too poor to afford the trifling outlay for a new tube, for he had existed on scraps of food dug out from dustbins. Yet his room was discovered to contain a fortune.

They exist in every town and every trade, these queer folk. A hall-porter, depending on tips and a tiny wage for his livelihood, leaves £21,000; a gamekeeper saves nearly £43,000.

For it is not difficult to become a miser. You have only to sacrifice your self-respect and every hope of comfort.

Grasp that Bargain!

Cash the Coupons and get a JOHN BULL Pen fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, at a big saving. Turn to JOHN BULL'S Great Pen Offer on page 34.

'*Well*, if it isn't you! said Mrs. Rawlins . . . . 'Oh deary no, Mrs. White, *I'm* no earlier than usual. I mostly gets finished by this time . . . . and Rawlins is taking me to the first 'ouse.'

* * *

As our readers know, Mrs. Rawlins is always done early. She has a motto, "Work well begun is work half done." She uses Reckitt's Blue and Robin Starch.

"All correct! Continue the good work. Keep on using Gibbs Dentifrice"

It's good to hear that "all clear!" from your Dentist. Yet it is the customary reward of those who visit their Dentist twice a year, and use Gibbs Dentifrice twice a day.

Dental authority agrees on the complete efficiency of Gibbs Dentifrice.

Its fragrant antiseptic foam is searching, thorough. Every part of every tooth is cleansed: made safe. And Gibbs Dentifrice polishes the teeth beautifully. It cannot wear or scratch.

Gibbs is the most economical Dentifrice, too — giving three times the service of others.

A dainty pink tablet in a neat, hygienic, handy aluminium case; Popular size 7½d; Large size 1/-; De Luxe 1/6; Refills 11d. Gibbs Dental Cream in Tubes 6d and 1/-.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles— defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

BRITISH MADE

FREE!

A liberal-sized sample of Gibbs Dentifrice. Cut out the Coupon now and post it to-day.

COUPON

To D. & W. Gibbs Ltd. (Dept. 231), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1. Please send me sample of Gibbs Dentifrice. I enclose 1½d Stamp (sealed envelope) to cover postage and packing.

Name.....

Address.....

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GD2s PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

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In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

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ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

One good thing demands another

Do justice to your meals, whether meat or fish—soup or stew. Add H.P. Sauce—its rich, fruity flavour improves all dishes.

insist on Phillips RUBBER HEELS

They last 3 times longer!

They make walking a pleasure and save their cost many times over. *Phillips* quality is so superior that the name is synonymous with Rubber Heels. Therefore when ordering.....

Don't say Rubber Heels — say PHILLIPS

and be sure you get them!

BRITISH — *and miles better!*

Smokers buy a new Imperial OLD BRUYERE and win a Cash Prize

FIRST PRIZE . . £20
30 PRIZES . . £1 EACH

£50 in Cash prizes—*All you have to do*—Buy a new IMPERIAL Old Bruyere—smoke it quietly—let it inspire "a winning last line" in this Imperial Limerick.

**A pipe is the smoke for a man,
But get the best value you can,
An IMPERIAL Pipe,
Is the King of its type.**

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

1 Write your *last line* on a piece of paper bearing your name and address.

2 Give date of purchase of your new IMPERIAL Old Bruyere.

3 Give name and address of tobacconist from whom you bought it.

Remember it is a condition of entry that you have bought a new IMPERIAL Old Bruyere after September 1st, 1931. Post before October 9th to "Limerick, K," The Civic Co., Ltd., London, W.6.

Made and Guaranteed by
THE CIVIC COMPANY, LTD.
The largest Manufacturers of Pipes in the World.

100 shapes to choose from

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A Wonderful Pipe for the Money

WORLD'S FINEST VALUE

10/- NOW

TERMS: 10/- with Order and Monthly Payments of 10/- Full Approval in your home.

GRAVES 2-VALVE WIRELESS OUTFIT

The last word in excellence and efficiency. Made under Marconi Licence, it creates a standard of perfection never previously reached in a popular-priced Wireless Set.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION: Oak Cabinet with lovely wax finish; oxy-copper finished metal panel with simple controls; New Type Detector and super-power Valves; Nickel-iron Transformer; Air-Spaced Condenser; 2 volt Accumulator; H.T. Battery. Loud Speaker of Oak to match, 4-pole differential type unit Aerial Outfit. Price £7

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full particulars of this and other Wireless Installations, including The Graves Battery-driven 3-Valve Screened-Grid Pedestal Model in handsome Oak Cabinet with all accessories, including Valves and Aerial Outfit. Price £12 : 10 Terms 15/- with order, 15/- monthly; also The Graves All Mains 3-Valve Screened-Grid Pedestal Model in fine Oak Cabinet, complete in all details, ready for plugging-in. Price £15 Terms: 20/- with order, 20/- monthly.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Man looks on at a women's tournament play. "But we want our greens to ourselves," he says

EVE Kept Off the Grass

THE last male stronghold of sport has refused to admit women. The men bowlers of Britain have said definitely "We do not want you."

That is why this week the women bowlers are forming their own national association.

Since the war increasing numbers of women have appeared on the public greens, sending down their "woods" alongside husbands, brothers, friends and sweethearts, but there has always been a steady objection from the majority of male clubs.

Lively incidents there have been, but none of the shrieking propaganda associated with some other sex-equality battles. This new development is regarded as an interesting sign of the times.

Now in England there are 120,000 bowlers affiliated to the English Bowling Association. Another 120,000 play in Scotland and a further 20,000 in Wales. So 260,000 players in all are concerned in this permanent barrier against the women.

A stronghold unpenetrated

No doubt some would like women to join their clubs, and the verdict, of course, is purely an official one; but enquiries show that had there been a vote among the 2,060 clubs affiliated to the Bowling Association the count would have gone heavily against the women.

The masculine view is that even if women were welcomed there would be only about 2,000 of them. It is claimed that not one woman in a thousand has any interest in bowls, and those that do go to the greens mostly do so to talk and make tea and not to watch their men-folk play.

Still, the women have their active centres. There are some in Essex, Surrey, Somerset and one or two other counties, but not, we believe, in the North. Which is curious, because the North has been considered the stronghold of bowls.

It is also curious that there has been much more hostility to the women in the South than in the North.

When the women get their own association working there will be about seventy clubs affiliated.

In fact, it is because there are women's clubs that men feel they can very well get on by themselves.

The men players indignantly deny that their exclusion of women from bowls has arisen because of any fear that they may be spied on at their greens. All the same, they admit that there is a happier atmosphere about the greens when there are no women present.

So far as actual skill in the game is concerned, there is no reason why the average woman should not play as well as the average man. Bowls requires no highly developed physique, nor is age a deciding factor.

She hasn't the nerve!

The English Championship has on three occasions been won by men of no more than 26; while at the other extreme there is the case of a man of 73 in the pairs or rink championship last year. The individual title has often gone to men between 50 and 60.

There is, however, a tremendous disparity between the best men bowlers and the best women. Only with a big start have the women a chance of winning any handicap.

Another tremendous advantage that the male player has is better temperament.

Some women have adapted themselves completely to a sense of what is required in rink play. They loyally support each other, wiping out any personal distinction in their team, and a few have displayed undoubted gifts as "skips."

But when it comes to a question of nerves—which often arises when the last bowl has to be determined—the woman is likely to fail. She has not the steadiness or the balance of the man at the critical moment.

Now let the women air their views. They are vexed about their non-admittance as club members, but are laughing at the suggestion that what they want is not so much the sport for itself as a desire for sex-equality in the game.

"We want to play seriously," they say, "and now that we shall have our own association, our standard will soon improve."

A sporting offer

Many men who were interested spectators at the women's championship were not impressed with the possibilities of the players. The average man bowler would have well beaten most of the competitors.

There has been no money side of this bowls dispute. Finance has never troubled the game, since almost alone among sports, bowls does not rely on gate-money to keep it going.

A small sum is charged at some of the professional matches in the North, but all are welcome to see amateur competitions.

In fact, at most bowling greens, the casual visitor is welcome to make himself at home and watch the bowls. The keener he is, the better the players like it.

Women bowlers perhaps have a long way to go before they will be inclined to offer such hospitality to their own sex. The feminine mind does not work the same in matters like this.

But, in spite of the prohibition, the men are going to keep a sympathetic eye on the women and their associations. "They know that if they need any advice they have only to ask for it," says a member of the E.B.A. Council.

"All our experience is at their disposal and no doubt we shall be able to help. That is if the women are not going to cold-shoulder us."

"We men want our greens to ourselves, that's all.

Clearly a case, then, of the women being told to "Keep off the grass."

Race with "Silver Ring"

HORSES *for* COURSES

THE second acceptors for the Cesarewitch will be to hand almost simultaneously with the publication of this issue of JOHN BULL, so I can leave the first leg of the big "double" until next week.

In the meantime, my followers who supported Blue Vision when first given in these notes have every reason to be satisfied. The Wroughton filly has rattled down from 33 to 1 to a fairly tight favourite at 10 to 1.

Alexandra Park, with its twists and turns, holds the centre of the stage this week-end. "Ally Pally" was the scene of our 80 to 1 "double"—Atherton and Nitsichin. May another come our way!

In the belief that the horses-for-courses theory is a paying policy here, I am putting up Welsh Dame (if absent, Atherton) and Auction Pool.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 1, to Wednesday, October 7.

P D C X Z H J S M L T A N G Q K

V B R E F I U O Y W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

C 97 R X B 97 W X would read RACEDALE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

93 I S C O I X 2 B would read KHORSHEED.

"SILVER RING."

Who are the FAVOURITE FILM STARS?

£500

IN CASH PRIZES IN EASY COMPETITION

Offered by the proprietors of

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

1st PRIZE	2nd PRIZE	3rd PRIZE
£200	£100	£50

30 PRIZES OF £5

Competition Closes Oct. 31 1931.

Result will be published in the "Daily Mail" on November 21, 1931

If you are a Cinema-goer – and who isn't these days?—this competition will appeal to you as one of the easiest and most fascinating! Nothing to think hard about or juggle with. A competition after your own heart!

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO:

Below, on the entry form, are 16 names of leading film stars. Number them in what you think is the order of their popularity; then POST signed entry form together with three outside printed wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap in an envelope 1½d. stamp) to "Film Stars," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, Southwark St., London, S.E 1. Send as many attempts as you like but each entry must be accompanied by three wrappers as above. If several entry forms are enclosed in one envelope, the space for name and address must be filled in on each form.

Additional entry forms can be had by sending a stamped addressed envelope to "Coupons," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 66 Park Street, London, S.E.1. The competitor whose list agrees, or most nearly agrees, with the popular order will be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize, and so on. In case of ties prizes will be divided.

The decision of the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap must be accepted as final. This is a condition of entry. No correspondence will be entered into. Proof of posting cannot be accepted as proof of delivery and the proprietors will not be responsible for any letter lost or delayed in the post.

PUT YOUR NO. HERE IN 1931	Name of Star	PUT YOUR NO. HERE IN 1931	Name of Star
	CONSTANCE BENNETT		RONALD COLMAN
	CHARLIE CHAPLIN		JANET GAYNOR
	RUTH CHATTERTON		CHARLES (BUDDY) ROGERS
	HAROLD LLOYD		NANCY CARROLL
	GRETA GARBO		CHARLES FARRELL
	CLIVE BROOK		JEANETTE MACDONALD
	MAURICE CHEVALIER		GARY COOPER
	MARY BRIAN		NORMA SHEARER

In submitting this entry form, I agree to all the above conditions.

Name..... Address.....

(BLOCK LETTERS IN INK PLEASE)

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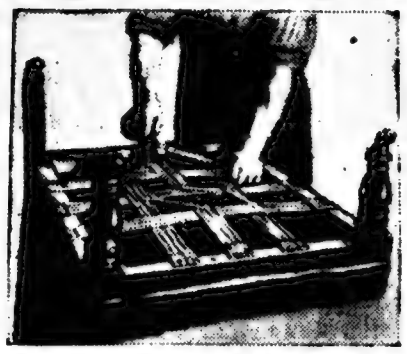

41 illustrations and instructions make chair-repairing and re-upholstering as easy as it is interesting money-saving home work for you.

THE hobby most full of fascinating interest is home handiwork. It has the sheer joy of making or mending things, and to this is added the money-saving or earning value of such work.

Post the Coupon for the FREE ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS. See and judge for yourself the immediate and life-long pleasure and profit in store for you.

With the 4 big volumes of "The New Amateur Mechanic" you can keep your home and its furnishings in perfect order. No broken chairs or castors. No broken windows, or boots or shoes in need of repair. And the "household gadgets" you can make will win admiration for your handiwork from everyone.

BE A REAL HANDYMAN

THERE'S no hobby to compare with that of making or mending things. There's no hobby that pays so well.

If you have children you can make their toys or playthings. They will love to see you "doing things." If you are buying your own house, you will be able to save and make money towards its purchase. Also you will be able to keep it in good order, and to fit it up with "extras" and "gadgets" that will add many pounds to its value.

SEE THE ENDLESS VARIETY OF THINGS YOU CAN DO.

THERE'S no end to the variety of things you can do with the instructive aid of the "The New Amateur Mechanic," in your spare time, such as:—

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- Repair, Polish or Enamel Furniture.
- Do Paper-Hanging.
- Do Distempering, Painting, Staining, Graining or Varnishing.
- Renew Broken Sash-Cords.
- Make a Rabbit, Poultry, Toolshed, Summer or Green House.
- Fit Up a Speaking Tube, Telephone or Electric Light.
- "Master" Locks, Keys, Bolts and Hinges.
- Repair Table Knives and Make Many Things.

INDEED, there's no end to the variety of your money-saving or earning handiwork. And all this spare-time hobby work will give you pleasure and profit.

BEGIN SAVING or EARNING NOW.

DON'T DELAY. See how "The New Amateur Mechanic" will quickly save and pay you a big profit on its moderate cost. Your ever-increasing practical knowledge and skill can be worth hundreds of pounds to you in the future—saving or earning you money to complete the purchase of your home or other property. And so fascinating a hobby will mean savings in other directions, too. SEE AND JUDGE ALL THIS FOR YOURSELF.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

in ½d. Stamped UNSEALED Envelope.

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To THE WAVERLEY BOOK CO., LTD. 96-97, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Sirs,—Please send me (gratis and post free) the Illustrated Prospectus describing the 4 Volumes of THE NEW AMATEUR MECHANIC, containing 6,000 "How to Do It Yourself" Illustrations; and also full particulars of your very easy terms of subscription, including IMMEDIATE DELIVERY on a first subscription of 2/6 only.

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ADDRESS .....

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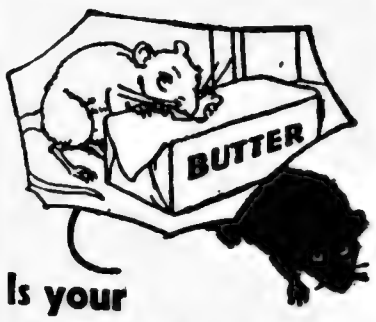

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SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

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Uncomfortable

'FULNESS' AFTER EATING

is really INDIGESTION

INDIGESTION does not always take the form of stomach pain, but often reveals itself in drowsiness, 'heaviness' or feelings of 'fulness' after meals. Whether serious or slight, digestive trouble is nearly always due to excess acid which interrupts digestion, ferments food and generates unpleasant gases. These gases distend the stomach, and thus cause nausea, 'full' feeling and even palpitation. You can avoid this and get quick relief by taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Instantly the excess acid that causes the trouble is neutralised; fermentation stops; pain disappears and your inflamed stomach lining is soothed. There is no need to suffer uncomfortable, after-meal 'fulness' which is really indigestion, a 1/3 packet of 'Pisurated' Magnesia powder or tablets will banish stomach trouble.

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prescribed for INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, GASTRITIS, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN or ACIDITY.

Cigarettes that contain dry and dusty tobacco make a hot, fast-burning smoke bad for your throat

Get

some fresh tobacco and a packet of A.G., the chemical-free paper, and roll your own cigarettes. Just notice how *much cooler* they smoke and how *slowly* they burn. Enjoy a dust-*free* smoke and protect your throat.

AG *the paper of perfect purity—and chemical free*

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Brilliant Selections.

Full Approval. *Fine Value.*

Better value than ever. Graves Gramophones embody all the newest improvements, and consistently maintain that high standard of excellence for which they are famous.

TERMS: Send 5/- now, *stating clearly* whether you desire the Graves Portable Model, or the Graves Table Model, and complete purchase in 13 monthly payments of 5/-

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS

THE WIFE *who came back*

SEQUEL *to a* TRAGIC SURRENDER

FIVE years ago I fell upon a time of real ill-luck. I was young and had, as I thought, a wife who adored me, as I can swear I did her.

But when my business began to fail she chafed under the restrictions of economy, and refused to understand that we could not have the same luxuries and spend as much upon pleasures as when business was prosperous. Home became unbearably unhappy in consequence.

When matters had reached a most difficult stage, a man called to see me on business. He was an elderly tea-planter, with whom I had traded ever since setting up for myself.

HE was affable and pleasant, and I took him home to supper in order, I confess, to try and arrange a deferred series of payments of what I owed him.

He agreed; but I was taken aback when he followed up the concession by inviting my wife to accompany him to a theatre.

It seemed childish to show annoyance, but there was something in the man's eyes as he looked at my wife that I did not like.

She, however, was delighted, as theatres and similar expenses had been "off the map" for months.

After this visit to the theatre the rest was easy. The man, pleading "a father's privilege," set about giving my wife a good time. It was in vain that I remonstrated.

In the end I received a letter from my wife, saying that she was fed up with poverty, and as the tea-planter was returning to India and had given her the chance, she was going with him.

In great bitterness of heart I tore up that letter and decided I must endure my loneliness as best I could.

DURING this time of trial my cashier, a sensible, quiet girl, devoted herself to my interests—in fact, she kept things going when I, in my despair, would have allowed them to go to ruin.

The natural result followed; I fell in love with her. I no longer had my wife's address, and, after two and a half years, I thought it would be exceedingly difficult to secure evidence for a divorce.

In the end we decided to defy convention and live together. We had enjoyed two years of unalloyed domestic happiness. A little son, the apple of our eyes, has been born to us.

His mother is a really good woman, fulfilling her duties as wife and mother as only such quiet, self-effacing women can do.

Now, during this last fortnight, a terrible thing has happened. My wife, utterly down and out, with a child by the tea-planter in her arms, has turned up.

The man turned out to be the sensuous, selfish brute one might expect. Her life with him was one long nightmare of torture.

She pleads to be forgiven and taken back. I no longer love her. But she is in dire want, and my legal wife.

The world would look askance on the woman who has been my help and consolation; but what am I to do?

"HUMANIST" says: You must obey a law older than all laws of divorce—you must first provide for and cherish the mother of your child.

Unless you could persuade the court to exercise its discretion in your favour, I am afraid you could not now obtain a divorce from your legal wife. She can claim maintenance from you, and you must face this fact and try to come to reasonable terms.

PAUPER, PLUS 4½d.

—an ironic valuation

NOW an old man of seventy-seven years of age, I was a street lamplighter for a corporation for fifty-five years.

Whilst in the service I outlived all my contemporaries, and over and over again saw all the foremen and even the high officials change and disappear.

I have a special long-service badge, in silver gilt and red and blue enamel, with a blue ribbon dependent from a bar which bears my record on it.

Also I have received a beautiful clock from fellow-employees and the staff, and the glowing speeches to which I listened when it was presented still ring in my ears.

But with all the eulogies I am left badly off. I have been a widower for twenty-five years and live with my daughter.

We are told that a pauper costs the country £1 6s. 5½d. a week, and that a criminal costs £2 2s. 2d. a week.

I, in spite of long years of service and my honours, have a retiring allowance that is only 4½d. more than the cost of a pauper, and actually 15s. 4d. less than that of a criminal.

"HUMANIST" says: I can well understand your feeling that there is something wrong with a social system which permits public servants to be so poorly rewarded. There is, and I wish with all my heart that loyal and devoted service such as yours were always adequately rewarded.

Nevertheless, I am sure that you would not exchange your honourable freedom for either the limitations of the pauper or the punishments of the criminal, and the consideration which you enjoy in your townspeople's hearts must be an abiding source of satisfaction to you.

GO WEST,

young man!

UP to the age of thirteen—my father died when I was a baby—I was brought up in the joint care of mother and grandmother.

Then all our peace and happiness was wrecked by my mother's second marriage. The new stepfather turned out to be a terrible drunkard, and our home became hell.

A baby girl was born, and, to add to mother's worries, grannie was stricken with a mortal but lingering illness.

My stepfather's cruelty and taunts, on top of her suffering, unhinged the old lady's mind, and after three years of torture she committed suicide.

Instead of this tragic happening sobering him, the man now went the pace. He urged mother to set him up in business, making all sorts of promises to induce her to part with the cash.

At last she invested all she had in the hope of getting things on a better footing. No sooner did he find himself handling money than my stepfather's vice showed itself again.

He squandered the takings and spent on drink every penny entrusted to him for the payment of bills.

Scenes occurred in which he threatened mother's life, and he ended by deserting her after locking up the shop and decamping with the key.

Through the intervention of a solicitor, he was persuaded to resume as a "manager," giving mother a stipulated weekly sum while retaining the fest of the profits.

Up to date the arrangement has worked fairly well, though my stepfather no longer lives with us, and will never completely abandon the drink.

The worst is that I am now regarded by mother as her sole refuge and happiness. I am rapidly being tied to her apron-strings.

My one idea of hope and progress lies in emigration. I hate the business where I must work under my stepfather. I want to go to California and work my way up on a fruit-farm until I become a fruit-grower and owner.

Is this an unworthy ambition, bound to cause more sorrow to my mother, who has already borne so much? Or dare I leave her with my little eight-year-old sister while I try my luck?

"HUMANIST" says: Youth is the time for adventure, so go abroad and succeed, provided, of course, you can satisfy the immigration authorities and have a job in prospect. At the moment your mother is provided for.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

The Broken Violin

AN ambulance has frequently to be summoned to pick up this poor street musician, who has suffered from epileptic fits since the age of twelve years.

Ted, who is now nineteen, feels his position keenly. When he was a boy, boxing, swimming and any kind of sport were his delight.

"I was always boxing when I was a youngster," he told us, "and I would have liked to go in for boxing, but when the fits came I had to knock this off."

When Ted was fourteen he joined the Army as a band boy. But he had to abandon this career, which lasted only seven months, on account of his epilepsy. "I would go back in the Army this minute, if they would have me," he said pathetically.

* * *

Ted is a good violinist, but he does not like playing in the streets. "I do it," he told us, "because it is the only way I can earn a little money. No one will employ me."

His mother, who is an officer-cleaner, is the breadwinner of the family. Her husband suffers from chronic rheumatism, and is crippled in both legs. It is with difficulty he accompanies his son, as it is too dangerous to allow Ted out alone, his fits coming on frequently and without warning.

On an average, the father and son earn 12s. and 14s. a week, which covers their rent. But there are days when Ted is too ill to leave the house, and their earnings are nil.

"My old fiddle is broken beyond repair"

He appealed to us because "My old fiddle has got broken beyond repair, and I haven't the means to replace it." As Ted has no one to help him, we ask our readers to cheer him on his tragic way.

All donations should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments will be sent by post.

"HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s. and 10s. 6d.

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BE WARNED IN TIME

There is an old proverb which we all know and recognise to be true, "A stitch in time saves nine." It is equally true of the Venereal Diseases. Those who have taken a risk and are in doubt should cast aside FALSE SHAME, which is SHEER FOLLY, and SEEK ADVICE and PROMPT TREATMENT from a qualified Medical Practitioner or from one of the numerous Free Treatment Centres, where advice and, if necessary, treatment, is given FREE and under conditions of SECRECY.

So grave and far-reaching are the effects of these Diseases upon the individual that it has been made illegal for any Unqualified persons—Quacks and Herbalists—to offer treatment for them.

Symptoms which seem trivial may be those of either of the Diseases, and FAILURE TO SEEK PROMPT TREATMENT and continue under treatment until pronounced free from Disease, MAY RUIN THE HEALTH OF THE INDIVIDUAL and the chances of a Happy Home and Healthy children.

BOTH DISEASES ARE CURABLE, if treatment is commenced early and carried out conscientiously.

Readers requiring further information, advice or literature can obtain the same FREE OF CHARGE by writing to *The Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council, Carteret Street, London, S.W.1.* All communications will be treated in the strictest confidence. The British Social Hygiene Council is the official organisation employed by the Local Authorities to carry out educational work regarding Venereal Disease and Social Hygiene.

Mention JOHN BULL when you write.

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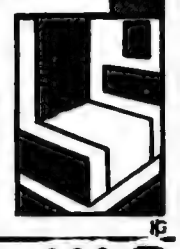

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If I Could CALL BACK

COULD I recall one fateful day it would be August 4, 1914. It makes one's heart ache to think how happy this country and others would be if the Great War had never occurred.

There would be no huge international debts to worry about, and the outlook of the country would surely be brighter than it is.

But what is perhaps more important is the suffering that would have been spared to fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and children, who have an extra burden to bear.—*G. Jones, Birmingham.*

Mother's Hell

If I could call back one fateful day, it would be October 6, 1925. On that day I wrote a letter to my daughter, in which I told her I never wished to see or hear from her again.

She had made a blunder, and I, instead of helping her, turned her down, and then my hell began. She has not been seen since October 9, 1925.

Every time a girl's body is found I read all particulars to see if it resembles her.

I dream of her; often I imagine I hear her cheerful "Mummy." Always I am looking for her.—*Wog, Lancs.*

One Theft

I was a young lad of seventeen, working for a small wage. Mother had a lodger, who I discovered kept several pound notes in a family Bible in his room.

The temptation was great; it seemed so easy to take one. I thought no one would know.

If I could only recall that day I made my first and, thank God, my only lapse!

The lodger never spoke of losing a note. Whether he missed it or not I do not know; but the fact that I once stole will never be wholly erased from my memory.—*Regrets, Bristol.*

Pride's Fall

The day I refused a decent, hard-working man. He had health, ambition and a great love for me. I had big ideas and little sense.

Later he went to Canada and made good. Pride prevented me from coming into his life again. Later he married out there, has a good home and a farm, and three fine children.

I have drifted from one person's house to another as mother's-help.

If only I had had the courage to accept my lover and to work side by side with him, what a different woman I should have been to-day!—*S. T., Lytham.*

A Thriller

I should call back the day on which I went to London to see my only son—who had attained his Arts degree—gowned.

Behind this lay years of sacrifice on my part, as well as hard work by the lad, and now—the thrill, the joy.

To experience it once more would be heaven itself.—*D. W., Worksop.*

Five Little Words

We were at the garden gate, and as he kissed me "Good night," I said, "You'll be going too, eh?" He did. He was too sensitive, and more fitted for the cloister than a trench.

Field cards; an occasional letter; then a terrible silence.

It is all forgotten now, except that his mother has a far-away look in her eyes; and deep down in my heart there is an aching and a regret that I ever said those five fateful words.—*W. A., Notts.*

Burst Bubble

On my first day at a big secondary school the only thing that impressed me was the popularity of, and adulation towards, the athletes of the school.

Thenceforward my fixed idea was to become an athlete at school, and so my scholastic studies suffered.

Now I am a clerk with little or no prospects, while the much-scorned fellow-scholars who "swotted" at their lessons are in much better positions.

If I could live over that fateful day again, I'm sure that I would see that, despite its glamour, popularity is a fickle thing, and it's hard work that counts.—*J. P. T., Sale.*

To the Dogs

For fifteen years I was the trusted cashier at a big store. One day I yielded to temptation and took £20 from the safe. I went to the "dogs," and gambled away the lot.

I was afraid to return home, and for a whole month I wandered about, suffering untold agonies of mind and body.

Eventually I returned and pleaded for another chance. My "boss" generously refrained from prosecuting, but, of course, I lost my job.

That happened two years ago. Since then I have not done a day's work. I would give ten years of my life to recall that black day.—*S. P., Cardiff.*

ONE FATEFUL DAY

Prank's Penance

We pit-head boys were up to all kinds of pranks when the foreman's back was turned. One day, I greased the hand-rail of a ladder, and hid behind a wall.

A chum of mine slipped, and falling to the bottom, broke his arm so badly that he was crippled for life.

Though forty years have gone by, and we are two hundred miles apart, I still suffer remorse.

He regards the presents I send him as a remembrance of boyhood days; I regard them as a penance and compensation.—*Revoir, Castletown.*

Repeat

One day, just eight years ago, I stood beside my husband at the altar rails and heard the words, "For better for worse, for richer for poorer."

Well, I have had hard knocks since then, enough to drive any woman mad. The worry I have had to make ends meet has been awful.

I have four fine boys, full of health and fun. I have never been miserable through it all. The love of my husband and children makes me wonderfully happy.

If I could call back my fateful day I'd live it all over again.—*A. B., Manchester.*

Wrong Answer

Could I recall that fateful day,
We met beneath a shady tree,
A question asked, the answer "Nay,"
How different would the answer be
Could I recall.
Oh, time, that in its headlong flight
Has aged me, filled me with regret,
Could I but clasp his hand to-night
And whisper "Yes," what peace I'd get
Could I recall.

—*Frances, "Beechhurst."*

Too Late!

On October 1, 1922, I received a cheque for £5,000, my share of a family legacy, and this was paid into my current account at a London bank, with a view to future investment in Government securities.

A few days later the bank suspended payment and I lost my all.

Could I recall that fateful day the money would be invested immediately, and I should now be living in ease, if not luxury, instead of drawing the "dole."—*S. B. Hants.*

* * *

Eight years ago, being fed up with my post, I married for a home, thinking love would come after. Now every moment of life is misery too great for words.—*Unhappy, South Wales.*

If I could call back that fateful day when first I opened my eyes upon a world of sin and misery, I should not have bothered to stay two minutes in it.—*E. D., Northumberland.*

I would not a single day, being fearful of disturbing the Great Plan wherein all our joys and sorrows are hinged together.—*M. J. McK., N.B.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, October 6.

Tariffs — My View

OUR EXPERT'S FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

Matches played on October 3

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) EVERTON v. Blackpool.
*(2) WEST HAM v. Leicester.
(3) Birmingham v. Portsmouth.
(4) BOLTON v. Newcastle.
*(5) CHELSEA v. Liverpool.
(6) GRIMSBY v. Arsenal.
(7) MANCHESTER C. v. Sheffield U.
(8) MIDDLESBRO v. Huddersfield.
(9) WEDNESDAY v. Aston Villa.
(10) Sunderland v. Blackburn.
**(11) W.B. ALBION v. Derby.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) SOUTHAMPTON v. Wolverhampton.
(2) Millwall v. Port Vale.
(3) Barnsley v. PLYMOUTH.
(4) Bradford City v. Bury.
*(5) BURNLEY v. Manchester U.
(6) CHESTERFIELD v. Hotspur.
(7) LEEDS v. Oldham.
(8) Forest v. Notts County.
*(9) PRESTON v. Bradford.
(10) STOKE v. Charlton.
**(11) SWANSEA v. Bristol C.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).

(1) GILLINGHAM v. Coventry.
**(2) NORTHAMPTON v. Thames.
*(3) BOSCOMBE v. Mansfield.
(4) BRISTOL R. v. Norwich.
(5) CARDIFF v. Brentford.
(6) Orient v. SOUTHEND.
*(7) C. PALACE v. Watford.
(8) LUTON v. Exeter.
(9) Q.P. Rangers v. Brighton.
(10) Reading v. FULHAM.
(11) TORQUAY v. Swindon.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).

*(1) GATESHEAD v. Hartlepools.
(2) ROCHDALE v. Doncaster.
(3) ACCRINGTON v. Rotherham.
(4) BARROW v. Lincoln.
(5) Carlisle v. York.
(6) CREWE v. Southport.
(7) HALIFAX v. Darlington.
(8) N. Brighton v. CHESTER.
(9) Stockport v. HULL.
(10) WALSALL v. Wigan.
(11) WREXHAM v. Tranmere.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) KILMARNOCK v. Celtic.
(2) QUEEN'S PARK v. Airdrie.
(3) Aberdeen v. PARTICK.
(4) Dundee U. v. THIRD LANARK.
(5) HAMILTON v. Hearts.
**(6) CLYDE v. Ayr.
(7) Falkirk v. Dundee.
(8) Leith v. ST. MIRREN.
(9) Morton v. MOTHERWELL.
**(10) RANGERS v. Cowdenbeath.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

OUR FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home team and *A* for away team.

Example Code: Div. I.—11 (*H*); Div. II.—5 (*H*); Southern Section—2 (*H*); Northern Section—1 (*H*); Scottish League—6 (*H*) would indicate W.B. Albion, Burnley, Northampton, Gateshead and Clyde.

£800

Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 132.

In the above contest, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £800 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £300 will be despatched.

Mrs. ANNIE E. MARSHAM
554, Holderness Road, Hull.

J. F. HEARN,
7, Clifton Road, Watford.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution entitling him to a share of this prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, October 13th, sending the Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £200 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 22 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £9 1s. 10d.

Bickerdike, Mrs. J. H., North Parade, Stainland, nr. Halifax; Boot, A., 194, Newland Ave., Hull; Borden, L., 112, Second Ave., Trafford Park, Manchester; Bowe, Mrs. L., 29, Avondale Rd., Hove; Collins (Junr.), J., 1, William Rd., Guildford, Surrey; Collyer, H., 13, Hill Cottages, Herkfield, nr. Basingstoke; Cooper, R. J., 29, Campion Tce., Leamington Spa; Dawson, H., 72, Leigh Rd., Boothstown, nr. Manchester; Harmsworth, F. T., Northanger, Godalming; Harris, Mrs. D., 17, Sunnyside Rd., Oakenholt, Saltney; Houlden, F., Humberstone Ave., Grimsby, Lincs; Hunter, Miss E., 70, North Frook St., Chapel Allerton, Leeds; Latimore, Mrs., 63, Heanor Rd., Ilkeston; Lewis, W. C., 5, Gower St., Bridge Ferry, Glam; Mackinnon, Mrs. L., Eastcourt House, Burbage, Marlboro', Wilts; Mitchell, Mrs. A. H., 33, South Dorley St., Halifax; Pellant, H., 50, High St. South, East Ham, E.6; Sidlow, Miss B., 140, Westbrook St., Bolton; Simpson, Miss A. G., 51, Downs Park West, Bristol; Thomas, E., 6, Foxcote Rd., Luckwell Rd., Bristol; Williams, Mrs. B., 35b, Johnson St., Ponkey, Wrexham; Wood, J., 17, Granville St., Chalderton.

Another splendid X-Word, with a £900 First Prize and £50 to be divided between the runners-up, appears on Page 32.

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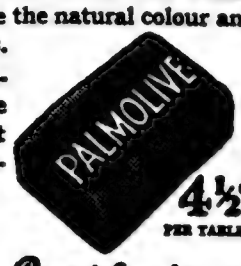

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Send for this Blanket Sale on approval. See the rich quality. There is no doubt that this is

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CIGARETTE PAPERS

"JOHN BULL'S" X-WORD PRIZE AGAIN INCREASED

£900

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

EASY TO ENTER

RUNNERS-UP DIVIDE £50

ONCE again there is a big increase in "John Bull's" Crossword Prize. This week the huge sum of £900 is offered and there is also £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Take full advantage of this opportunity and enter for this interesting competition at once. There is £900 waiting to be won by someone. Why not by YOU?

"JOHN BULL" will pay £900 for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter a square containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 15th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 22nd.

Winners in X-Word No. 121 appear on page 31.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 133

C	A	S	H	■	B	E	L	T	■	R	A	■	■	■
O	P	I	N	I	O	N	■	A	L	O	E	■	■	■
T	■	D	O	■	N	O	T	■	L	O	O	K	■	■
S	T	E	R	N	■	E	■	L	I	K	E	■	■	■
■	R	E	■	A	R	M	S	■	T	■	■	■	■	■
C	A	R	T	E	R	■	M	A	G	E	■	F	■	■
H	I	■	A	R	C	H	■	A	R	E	A	■	■	■
I	N	S	I	S	T	■	P	Y	■	A	C	T	■	■
T	■	I	N	■	I	C	E	■	I	R	E	■	■	■
C	O	■	S	C	A	R	E	D	■	■	■	■	■	■
P	U	N	C	H	■	R	E	E	F	■	■	■	■	■
■	D	E	N	Y	■	S	T	E	A	K	■	■	■	■

JB 133.

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 133 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-Word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-Word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order Payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and Cross it / & Co. / ; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, October 8th.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two double entry Forms—(Four Squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 22nd. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, November 3rd, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

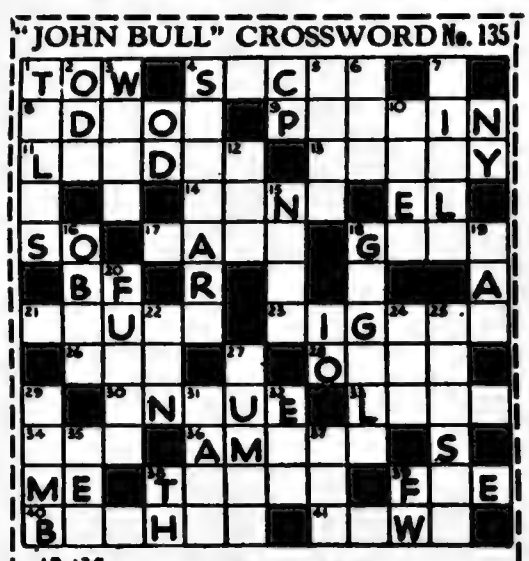
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

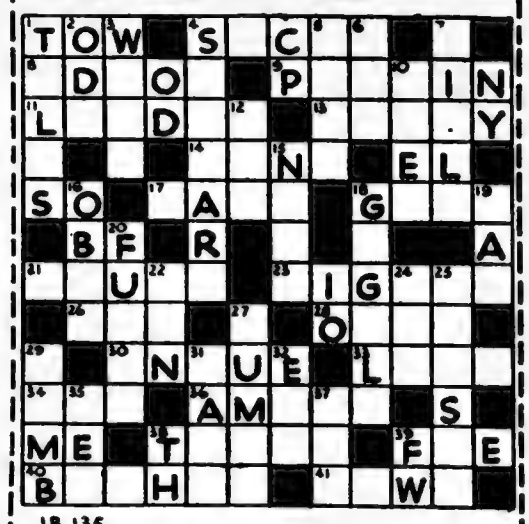
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. } See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 135



JB.135. *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB.135.

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 6D.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, OCT. 8

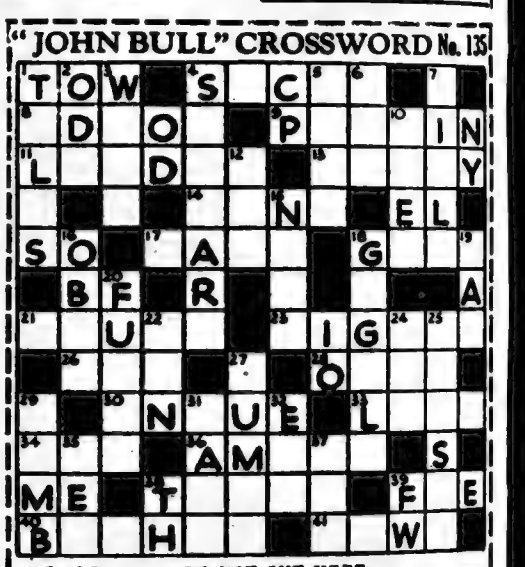
CLUES ACROSS.

1. Ha ul.
4. Hard wear makes holes in these.
8. Foolish person.
9. Kind of apple.
11. One who lends.
13. A sortie.
14. What bookie does, on most races.
17. Is paid for services.
18. An open wound.
21. Bruise.
23. Ferocious animals.
26. Australian bird.
28. Monster in fairy tales.
30. Bestow.
33. Water flows through this.
34. Ancient.
36. An easy pace.
38. Clan.
39. Enemy.
40. Boxer's face is, when in ring.
41. It makes things light.

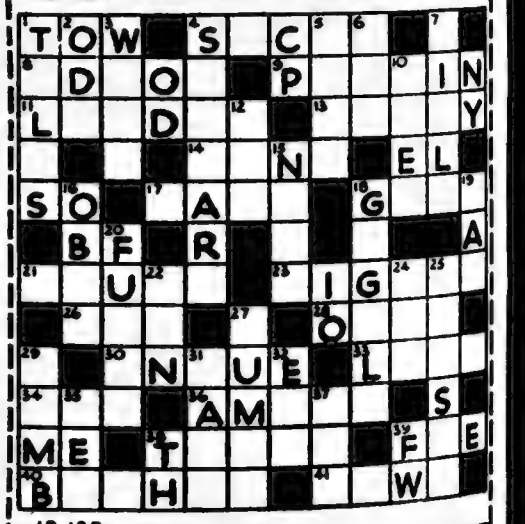
CLUES DOWN.

1. These are used for covering.
2. Poem.
3. Brings colour to the cheeks.
4. Attends to liner's passengers.
5. Salute with the lips.
6. Health resort.
7. Small ones don't trouble us much.
10. An excuse.
12. Fit out.
15. Interests the nature student.
16. Wood-wind musical instrument.
18. Make a curious noise.
19. Possesses.
20. Raged.
22. She lives in a convent.
24. Before.
25. Lunatics have lost this.
27. Unpleasant condition of atmosphere.
29. Ideal present for Bolshy!
31. Defy.
32. Outward flow of tide.
35. Meadow.
37. Conducted.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 135



JB.135. *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB.135.

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Coupons 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, OCT. 8

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 135), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT!

THE EDITOR REPLIES

G. L. (Wandsworth).—"The birth-control problem presents many troub'es." But not nearly so many as the problem of controlling those already born.

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

D. W. (St. Albans).—"After all, where does early rising get you?" Down.

BERTIE (Mayfair).—"Winter and summer, I get up at five." Morning or afternoon?

T. F. (Hendon).—"It's a good plan to pick fruit after dark." Especially if it isn't your own.

PERCY (London).—"I am always well dressed in the latest style." Owing to your tailor?

T. M. (Newcastle).—"Is the end of the world near?" Well, it's nearer than it has ever been before.

G. D. (Portland).—"There is no such thing as pain." Then what is it your letters give us?

H. K. (London, S.).—"I have a choice between a navvy's job and the dole." Take your pick.

G. H. (Ilford).—"I was a failure as an architect, so I went on the stage." Do you draw better houses there?

W. B. (Lytham).—"Noises are continually being added to the air." And heirs are continually being added to the noises.

A. J. (Kensington).—"One day last week I saw three rats in Regent Street." This seems a good enough excuse for taking up the road again.

B. M. (Bury).—"No doubt you can picture me in your mind's eye?" Sorry, but we haven't started seeing things yet.

MODERN MISS (Woolwich). — "I wouldn't be seen in the clothes my mother used to wear." Not half so much as you are in your own.

S. C. (Watford).—"When I am married, I should like to have five servants." We dare say you will, but not all at the same time.

M. T. (Portsmouth).—"I think my daughter really goes to art classes in the hope that she will find a husband." Art for heart's sake.

C. J. (Amersham).—"My husband always holds my hand in the evenings." That's probably to stop you playing the piano.

C. K. (Luton).—"There are many ways in which cricketers will keep fit during the winter." What remains a mystery is how they have managed to keep fit during the summer.

H. N. (Charlton).—"I am thinking of writing a new play with some daring jokes." A daring play with some new jokes would stand a better chance of success.

A. K. (Esher).—"A scientist says that the cave-man's ideal of feminine beauty was a generous girth, sturdy limbs, big knees and great powers of endurance." Hiking is older than we thought.

G. J. (St. Albans).—"A gardener has succeeded in crossing a potato and a tomato." Another ambitious horticulturist is trying to cross the violet with the onion.

A. K. G. (Grundale).—"A girl was seen using a typewriter on the top of a London bus." We understand that her employer was on an adjacent 'bus and dictated a few letters in the traffic jam.

G. K. (Kennington).—"I am experimenting with a new instrument which is a combination of saxophone and trombone." We know. All the people in your street have written indignant letters to us about it.

C. S. (Perth).—"A girl likes to pick her own friends." To pieces.

D. M. (Bolton). — "You can make a lot of earthenware." Pots of money.

P. J. (Feltham). — "Do you like the enclosed jokes?" We always have liked them.

G. K. (Harrow).—"Modesty is a disease." Congratulations on your excellent health!

J. B. (St. Andrews). — "Prosperity comes in cycles." It must have got in a traffic-block.

H. K. (Balham).—"A new four-act play is described as dull." But there are at least three bright intervals.

F. K. (Frome).—"I am out to make our marriage a happy one." Then don't be out too much.

G. J. (Carlisle).—"It takes a clever man to sell a vacuum-cleaner." Dud men tell no tales.

E. N. (Bodmin).—"Do you know who my constant companion has been all the summer?" Your mackintosh?

SALLY (Pimlico).—"He says he loves me, but not to the extent of dying for me." An undying love.

O. D. (Cirencester).—"Inn-keepers always seem able to get hold of good racing tips." Publicans and winners.

GRACE (Brighton).—"What is your opinion of the life of an artist's model?" It's poses, poses all the way.

MISS B. (Birkenhead).—"In some parts of the country it is considered very unlucky to step on a beetle." Especially for the beetle.

B. C. (Hull).—"You don't often see a woman sewing tiny clothes these days." And when you do she is probably making a frock for grandma.

E. M. (Banbury).—"Is there money in my plan for obtaining rain just when and where it is wanted?" You want to raise the wind, too?

M. M. (Hampstead).—"As an American, I must say that I never heard worse English spoken than in London." Say, Bo, you've sure slobbered a bibful.

MRS. N. (Gravesend).—"I advertised for a maid for a month without getting a reply." Well, a month is a long time to expect a maid to stay.

R. Y. (Rochester).—"I wonder why my wife is continually throwing plates at me?" Probably because she keeps on missing you.

T. D. (Barmouth).—"Women don't make successful bank clerks." Because, we suppose, they are always altering their figures.

C. P. (Filey).—"What's in a name?" Most of the letters in the alphabet if it happens to be Welsh.

SID (Horsham).—"Bah! my wife said." So the dear lamb thought you were her shepherd.

L. H. (Ardsley).—"You may laugh, but it's no joke." If it's no joke, we shan't laugh.

W. M. S. (Chester).—"There's something so sure and solid about my fiancé." His head?

T. E. F. (Romford).—"My father is a generous, jolly sort, and weighs 20 st." Evidently just the man to fall back on.

D. F. G. (Manchester).—"Do you think a crèche would succeed here?" It should be a howling success.

L. M. (Portland).—"There is nothing like good old English beer." We're afraid there isn't.

P. M. (Rochester).—"Many women do not like the talkies." Jealousy, we suppose.

P. P. (Molesey).—"There is said to be a tribe of one-eyed men in Africa." Umbrellas evidently flourish there.

PRODIGAL SON (Stepney).—"It came home to me in a flash." So the straight-from-the-shoulder blow made you see stars.

A. T. (Maidstone).—"On the first night of my new play, the curtain fell prematurely." That, of course, is a matter of opinion.

G. H. (Chelsea).—"A London waiter is to attempt to cycle round the world this winter." We hope he won't decide to start just after he has taken our order.

MRS. G. P. (Leeds).—"What would you do with a husband who goes out every night?" Show him page 35 and urge him to go all out at *Bullets*. Somebody is going to be £500 "in" this week.

H. J. (Chorley).—"The laundry did not return my dress-shirt, but sent me a dickey and a pair of cuffs, which I did not recognise." That was probably your dress-shirt.

P. K. (Portslade).—"The friend of an American talkie actress refused to act as her bridesmaid because she also loved the bridegroom." Still, she could have put her name down on the waiting-list.

M. F. (Edmonton).—"Certain fruits and wines should be served with the chill off." Many cooks seem to think that chops and steaks should also be slightly warmed.

L. H. (Lucerne).—"I am writing this letter to you from Lucerne, where I have been on holiday for the last two weeks." Then why on earth have the postal officials cancelled the stamp with the Brighton postmark?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

REYNOLDS'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS: —"He caught sight of a MOVING figure in the yard that STOOD STILL looking at him."

TRUE STORY MAGAZINE:—"I drew my CLOCK closely around me."

CIVIL AND MILITARY GAZETTE:—"At Bisley to-day the King's Prize was won with a score of 285 RUNS."

CHRISTIAN NOVELS:—"He marched off upstairs WHISTLING the Wedding March at the top of his voice."

SMART SET MAGAZINE:—"He turned on his HEAD and walked away."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"The first shows the bowler type, trimmed with ostrich LEATHER."

EVE'S OWN:—"The VOICES jumped out of bed in a fever of excitement and ran to the window."

GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN:—"For cheap bookings and special RAINS see railway company's posters."

CHRONICLE AND HERALD (BATH AND WILTS):—"He turned round, looked at the car and WASHED right in front of it."

NEW ADVENTURE:—"With a most extraordinary howl the OFFICE jumped, and with lightning speed fastened a pair of handcuffs to the royal wrists."

WESTERN EVENING HERALD:—"Others in the lower ranges of income who DO NOT PAY income-tax will now have to pay twice as much in tax as they PAID BEFORE."

DIXON HAWKE LIBRARY:—"The village bobby was busily taking notes and a crowd of gaping VILLAGES were staring."

DAILY DESPATCH:—"Driven from the prison courtyards the convicts took REFUSE in the galleries."

NORTHERN ECHO:—"He leaves a widow and five children HIS SPECTACLES.

EASYFIT OVERALLS NOW COST LESS!
REDUCED PRICES AS FROM 1st OCT. 1931
BIB OVERALLS
6/6 NOW 5/11
REDUCED PRICES AS FROM 1st OCT. 1931
TROUSERS
5/11 NOW 5/6
REDUCED PRICES AS FROM 1st OCT. 1931
JACKETS
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REDUCED PRICES AS FROM 1st OCT. 1931
BOILER SUITS
9/11 NOW 9/6
REDUCED PRICES AS FROM 1st OCT. 1931
KHAKI & WHITE LONG COATS
10/6 NOW 9/6
If unable to obtain write to WORKWEAR LTD., Mount Vernon, Liverpool, asking for name of nearest supplier.
LYBRO
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Instant Relief for all ASTHMA and BRONCHITIS

Immediate relief is what we offer to every sufferer and that is the blessing we have conferred on hundreds of thousands who will tell you that they owe everything to Potter's Asthma Cure. Before using it their days were wretched and nights sleepless but now they are able to go through their day's work in comfort, enjoy peaceful sleep at night and take their part in life and its pleasures.

THE SUFFERING DUE TO ASTHMA is indescribable; that awful feeling of tightness across the chest, hideous feeling of suffocation and those terrible paroxysms are instantly relieved by Potter's Asthma Cure which is entirely free from opiates. Mrs. G., Camberley, writes:—"Potter's Asthma Cure has given my husband and son more relief than anything they ever tried. I was a nurse in London for ten years, and have never seen anything so wonderful." Potter's Asthma Cure is just as good for Croup, Whooping Cough, Catarrh and especially for the Bronchitis of Children.

"I find I can rely upon Potter's Asthma Cure."

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct post free 1/9 from POTTER & CLARKE, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

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If you are subject to Asthma, Bronchitis, Lung or Chest Troubles and your occupation compels you to be out of doors, you are strongly recommended to smoke Potter's Asthma Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes which will give you instant relief.

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE & BOOKLET

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

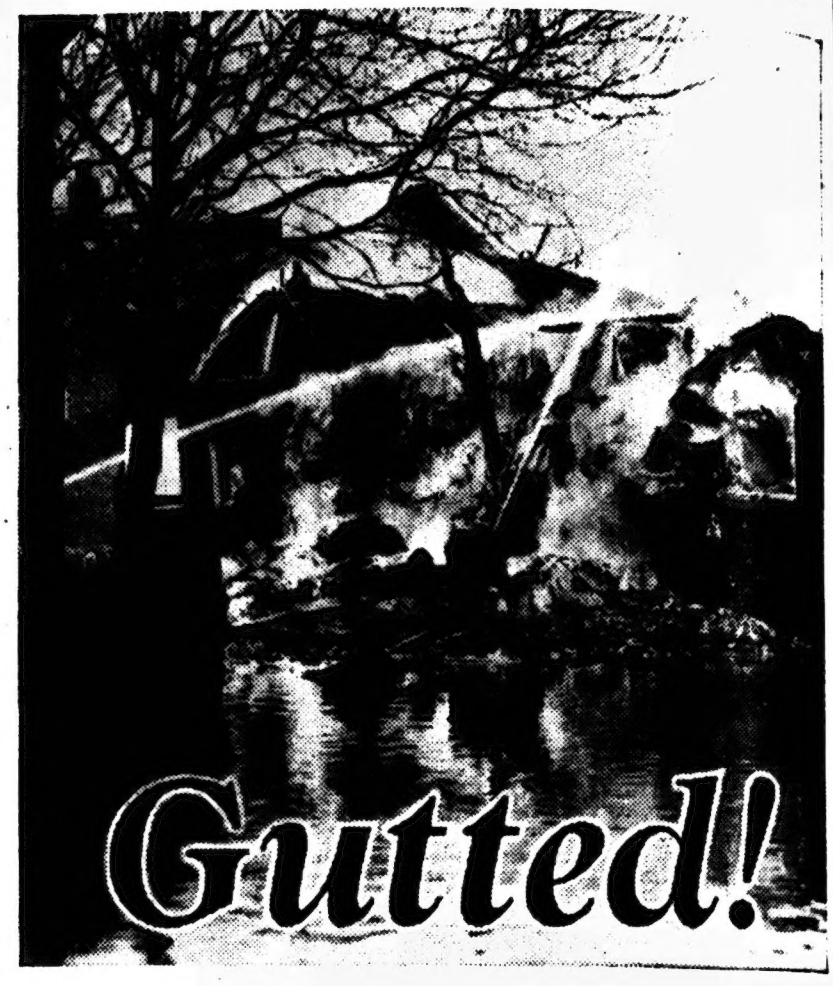
I enclose two penny stamps to cover postage for a Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture, and Cigarettes, also a copy of booklet "ARE YOU ASTHMATIC?"

Name.....

Address.....

"John Bull." .....

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.



PUT your own home in the picture. Imagine it a prey to the flames. Think of your furniture, your heirlooms, your precious possessions which have taken a lifetime to get together, just a charred heap!

Yet a tiny spark may cause a tragedy such as this—a match carelessly dropped start a frightful conflagration.

Guard your home against such a tragedy as this. Protect it under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift. JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to provide Free Fire Insurance for its readers—the ONLY paper to cover the home against Storm and Flood.

More "JOHN BULL" Cheques for Fire Victims

Many more readers whose homes have been visited by Fire now receive cheques. Some day you may have cause to bless the day when you signed the registration forms. Why not sign them now?"

Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident—"John Bull" covers you Free

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 3/10/31.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 139, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address..... of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 4d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B., 3/10/31.

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Bladder Irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth "Bladder comfort," No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: **Shadforth Prescription No. 285.** Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from **Shadforth Prescription Service, Limited, (Dept. S.25) 40, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4**

Boots, Taylors, and all chemists stock or obtain.

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

"Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP,
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

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Send for Free Sample.

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with **Free Sample** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd.
(Dept. 15.H), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

WRITE FOR FREE LISTS

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a

15/- Free Gift Coupon

will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE.

FROM £3 15s CASH OR TERMS

Chas. T. Robey CYCLE WAREHOUSE, No. 24, COVENTRY

HOUSEWIVES LINO

Catesbys Cork Lino pleases housewives every way and everywhere. It is the only pretty floor covering that saves domestic drudgery. Approved first Easy Terms payment gets it straightway. Samples, Colour Designs and full particulars post free. Dept. K19.

CATESBYS LTD., LONDON, W.1

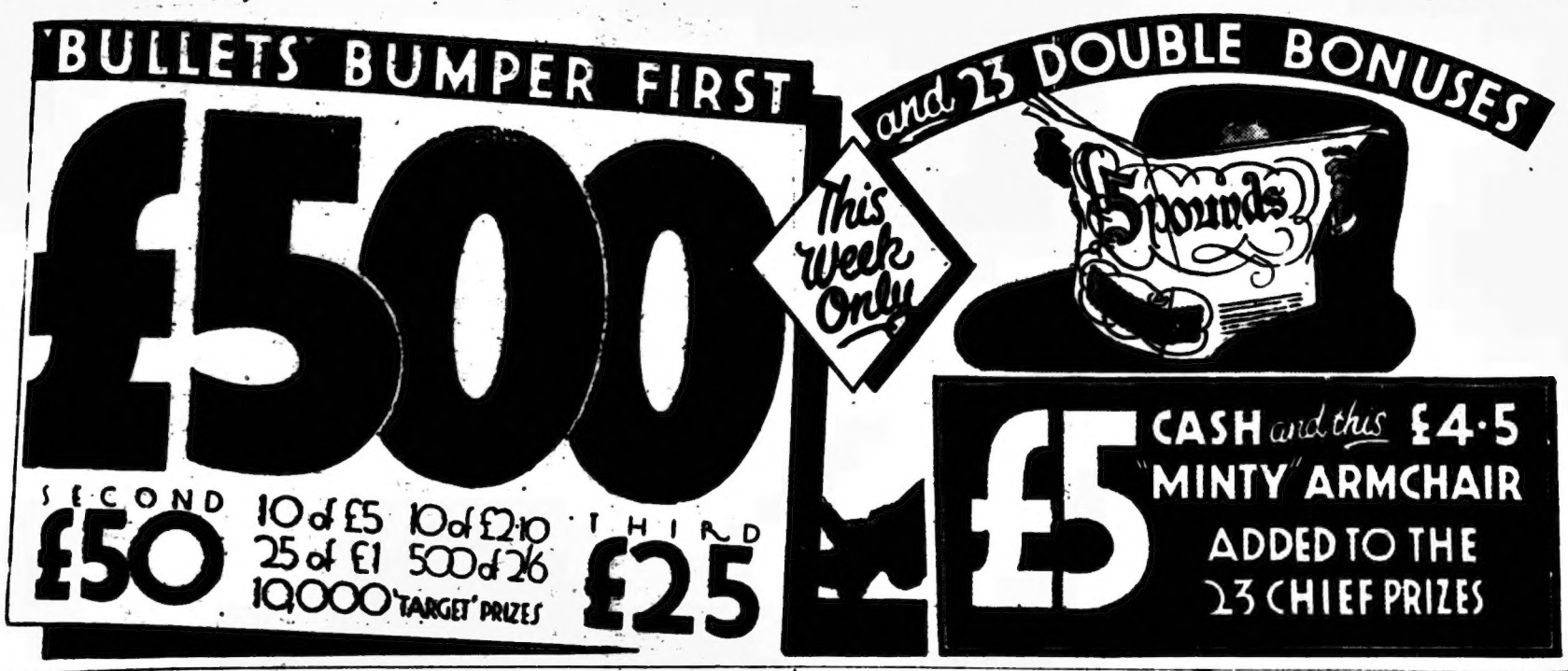
JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. VALUE 3D

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed two years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

Cash the coupons


BULLETS' BUMPER FIRST
£500
This Week Only
and 23 DOUBLE BONUSES
Pounds
£5 CASH and this £4·5 "MINTY" ARMCHAIR ADDED TO THE 23 CHIEF PRIZES
SECOND £50
10 of £5 10 of £2·10
25 of £1 500 of 2/6
10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES
THIRD £25

NOVEL BIG PRIZES FOR 23 ENTRANTS.

THE twenty-three principal winners in this week's contest will each receive a triple reward—and you can be one of them.

To the fine First of £500, to the £50 and £25 cheques, as well as to those for £5 and £2 10s., we are adding this week a novel double bonus. It consists of a £5 note to put away for a rainy day and a luxurious £4 5s. "Minty" Armchair in which to enjoy the winter evenings.

Have you ever tried to make a *Bullet*? If not, to-night's the night to begin—some practice on the current contest will give you a flying start in next week's huge Birthday Contest heralded below.

To make a *Bullet* you have only to add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* in the next column. Thus, suppose you choose the *Example* BRITAIN'S HARVEST, the added words INCREASED—THEN FEWER, "SHOCKS" would complete a *Bullet*.

Before you start on your *Bullets*, however, study the varying styles of the winning efforts below. Then go ahead, making sure that your entry is in by Saturday, October 10.

£1,312 10s. CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000, COMPETITION No. 819

Mr. C. EDWARDS, c/o Bull Piece Villa, Bull Street, Darlaston,
Example:—CLOUD OF UNCERTAINTY
Bullet:—"DISSOLVE" *That*, BEFORE PARLIAMENT.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. J. BOWMAN, 29, Bean Street, Hull.
Example:—Way To Escape
Bullet:—Let Imagination "Capture" You.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. N. J. PERRY, Barley House, Queenhill, Nr. Tewkesbury.
Example:—Why I Can't Sleep
Bullet:—"Mid-day Wires"—Midnight Wireless.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

J. H. BRIDGER, 39, Morland Avenue, Croydon.
Advancing Years—Power Lost—Lower Post.

G. ENSALL, 222, Warrington Road, Abram.
If I Could—Say "No!"—No Saying——

F. JAMES, 47, Highgate Lane, Farnborough, Hants.
Smoothing Things Over—Gandhi—"Nice Hat, Winston!"

D. MORGAN, 6, Bryngroes Cottages, Ystradgynlais.
Good For Business—"Fluid" Money—"Solid" Wages.

J. H. PASCOE, 38, Bosvigo Road, Truro.
Always Wrong—Youth? That's Old Mistake.

F. REID, 54, Dorset Street, Glasgow.
When Aunty Arrives—Takes "Seat"—Becomes "Government."

M. B. REID, 97, Gala Street, Glasgow.
Nothing—For Illness, "Sickening" Thought.

Mrs. E. SAULT, Lambley Lane, Burton Joyce.
Advancing Years—Strengthen Ties—Then Break.

R. SCOTT, 42, Rice Lane, Egremont, Wallasey.
Becoming Obsolete—Faith? Don't Believe It!

P. SHEDDEN, 1,283, Dumbarton Road, Glasgow.
Way To Escape—What *Hubby* Asked Shopwalker.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

W. BAND, 30, Sprotborough Road, Doncaster.
In The Quicksands—Through "Rope"—Throw Rope!

W. BROWNLIE, 105, Eddlewood, Hamilton, Lanarks.
Feat Of Strength—"Holding Own" When Empty-handed.

J. DALZELL, 751, Dumbarton Road, Glasgow.
Sonny's Answer—To "Stop Questioning!"—"Why?"

F. GUY, Knight Street, Pinchbeck, Lincs.
At First Sight—Gandhi's Pinched "Round Table-cloth."

Mrs. H. INGRAM, 127, Benson Road, Winson Green.
When Aunty Arrives—Fussily Exclaims, "No Fuss!"

Mrs. C. KELLY, Drift House, Church Street, Sheringham, Norfolk.
Sonny's Answer—"Begging Letter" Dad *Welcomes*.

A. RUSSELL, 58, Park Drive, Newmains, N.B.
When Aunty Arrives—Monopolises Fireside—Breathes Fire.

A. SIMMONS, 542, Corporation Road, Newport, Mon.
Smoothing Things Over—Government Prevented "Slippery Slope."

L. WARD, 114b, Crocklade Avenue, Streatham, London, S.W.
Advancing Years—Worry's "Lines" Won't Stem.

F. WHITE, 26, Plantation Row, Ebbw Vale.
Why I Can't Sleep—Brats Calling—Cats Brawling.

A list of 25 £1, 50 10s. and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 810 will be displayed at W. H. Smith & Sons' Bookstall, Railway Station, Bawtonmarket.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 823 usually purchase "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE

FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets' Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 10, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

(*Do not enclose this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

Examples for Competition No. 823

BRITAIN'S HARVEST	WHEN OPPORTUNITY OFFERS	THE UNDER-DOG
ECONOMY FOR ALL	FARMER'S WIFE	HANDY
UP AGAINST IT	ENRAPTURED	IN AN EMERGENCY
HELPING RAMSAY	DAMSEL IN DISTRESS	BROUGHT HOME
GENERALLY FOLLOWS	MAN OF HONOUR	POPULAR DELUSION
FLAW IN OUR ARMOUR	HIDDEN AWAY	SETTLING THEIR DIFFERENCES
THE BANKERS	KEY TO CONTENTMENT	FORGETTING
JUGGLING WITH FIGURES	FROM THE START	NOT AT HOME
ALL WE'RE AFTER	CLIMBING	BEFORE IT'S OVER
HE DID HIS DUTY AND	CUT WE'D WELCOME	WHEN I'M A CENTENARIAN
CALLING HER	GATHERING WISDOM	

Example _____ Bullet _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 10.

Example _____ Bullet _____

(823) P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____ Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Bullet _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 10.

Example _____ Bullet _____

(823) P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____ Address _____

Example _____ Bullet _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 10.

Example _____ Bullet _____

(823) P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____ Address _____

Example _____ Bullet _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 10.

Example _____ Bullet _____

(823) P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____ Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 823, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comps.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

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2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, full size, 80 inches x 56 inches.
1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket, size 56 ins. x 75 ins.
2 Honeycomb Heather Coloured Blankets, soft warm, and durable, 54 inches x 75 inches.
1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, full size, 90 inches x 70 inches (White or Coloured).
1 Beautiful Coloured Bedspread, new designs, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jaspé grounds, size 60 inches x 80 inches. 2 Coloured Striped Turkish Towels, absorbent loop pile, size 20 inches x 44 inches.
1 Pretty Irish Embroidered Tray Cloth, hemstitched border
1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, size 36 x 36 ins., new designs, Blue, Crimson, Gold, etc.

BALE complete 20/- *Carriage Paid*
Money returned if not approved.

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This PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the readers of "John Bull." On receipt of P.O. for 9s. 6d., Carriage 1s. extra, we will forward, direct from our looms to your address, one of our "PRUDENTIAL"

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Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in new Turkey and artistic patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimsons, Greens, Blues, Brown, Rose, and mingled Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

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